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PRISONERS OF HOPE AND OTHER SERMONS

BY

THE RT. REV. CHARLES H. BRENT
BISHOP OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

FOURTH AVENUE & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK

LONDON, BOMBAY, CALCUTTA, AND MADRAS

1915

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PREFATORY NOTE

THESE sermons cover many years and girdle the world. They represent many of the ideals I hold for Church, State, and individual. Most of them have appeared in print singly in America, England, and the Far East. All were either stenographically reported or else written down from memory after delivery.

C. H. B.

Manila, 1914.

MATILDA MARKOE
HER BOOK

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I
REVELATION

I

PRISONERS OF HOPE¹

Turn ye to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope. Zech. ix, 12.

THESE words belong to permanent literature. That is to say, they are always and everywhere true. They were spoken by a real man in real conditions, a man like ourselves in conditions similar to these troubled days in which we live.

They are words of fiery idealism uttered in a moment of time when the foundations of the world were broken up, when the wreckage of one invasion lay in the rear and the prospect of another hostile attack lay before.

They are pertinent words now when the older and major part of Christendom is writhing in an orgy of self-destruction. We may be distant in space from the scene of the holocaust, but no war is so far off now as to be to us merely as distant thunder. We are too near to play the rôle of cold critics. The sensitiveness of the social whole is such as to make the sufferings of Europe

¹ Preached at the Cathedral of S. Mary and S. John, Manila, Sunday, September 20, 1914.

reach every heart like a sword-point steeped in poison. The innocent victims are strewn over the whole world. We, the sharers of the civilization that is contradicting itself on the battlefield of the West, have reason to ask whether all our vaunted advance in science, in intellectual achievement, in material prosperity, is not rotten at the core. If the horrors that are our daily food are the logical result of what is called progress, then civilization is the most ghastly mockery that has yet possessed the world of men, and we would be justified in calling upon God to come and purge it by annihilating it.

The world's day is dark. No one can forecast the future. Men who love and believe in peace are bewildered and staggering. Neither by day nor by night can we escape from the vision of the river of human blood that is dyeing the soil of Europe. Yet it is a curious fact which I cannot explain that the greatest moral and spiritual opportunity is always carried in the bosom of the greatest horrors. If we men rise in these evil days and buy up our opportunity, thus co-operating with God, this war (may it be the last war), will contribute to humanity costly treasures out of the folds of its filthy garments. Yes, out of horrors come beauty and power.

The first story of man's rebellion against God is quickly followed by the sure promise of man's ultimate

triumph over evil. The Crucifixion seems to extinguish in permanent night the purest and the best ideals and hopes of the world; in less than forty-eight hours comes out of the tomb in which dead hope was buried the victory of victories—life defeating death. Read the Book of the Revelation and you will find that the heavenly Jerusalem is reached only by wading through page after page of terrible things. Every true seer must have this experience. So Tennyson:

*For I dipt into the future far as the human eye could see,
Saw the visions of the world, and all the wonder that would be;
Saw the heavens filled with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;
Heard the heavens filled with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue.
Far along the world wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the people plunging, through the thunder storm;
Till the war drum throbbed no longer and the battle flags were furled
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.*

Let me pause for a moment here to say to you who are discontented with your lot, cowardly in your difficulties, that it is with the individual as with the nations—you can win your manhood only by finding your highest opportunity in your most evil days. We are prisoners of hope. We believe in ultimate permanent peace. We can not accept the dictum of Prince von Buelow: "Even if we had not been threatened with war

during the last decades we must realize that there is no such thing as permanent peace and must remember Moltke's words. 'Permanent peace is a dream and not even a beautiful one. But war is an essential element of God's scheme of the world.'"

Yes, we will remember, remember in order to confute, and disbelieve in, Moltke's unlovely dogma.

While hundreds of thousands of men are being slaughtered, while nations are crumbling into ruin, while the whole world is agog, we will proclaim ourselves prisoners of hope. We believe peace is God's settled order, peace social, industrial, international, and that it will be the distinguishing note of human life as soon as men are willing.

We will take our stand by the brave, clear-eyed man who two thousand, three hundred years ago, with infinitely less reason than ourselves to believe in peace, said he saw it coming. We will claim as our leader that other patriot and lover of men who three hundred years earlier foresaw the disarmament of the world and exclaimed: "They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation: neither shall they learn war any more." We will link our fortunes with that young British poet, Noyes, who is even now singing of the "Dawn of Peace." Read his

Winepress with the closing words of the epilogue, and its dreams of peace:

*Dreams are they? But ye cannot stay them
Or thrust the dawn back for one hour!
Truth, Love, Justice, if ye slay them,
Return with more than earthly power;
Strive, if ye will, to seal the fountains
That send the spring through leaf and spray.
Drive back the sun from the Eastern mountains,
Then—bid this mightier movement stay.*

*It is the Dawn! The Dawn! the nations
From East to West have heard a cry—
Though all earth's blood-red generations
By hate and slaughter climbed thus high,
Here—on this height—still to aspire,
One only path remains untrod,
One path of love and peace climbs higher
Make straight that highway for our God.*

It is no passionless peace, mere quiescence, that we will claim. That is only another form of death:

*Peace sitting under her olive, slurring the days gone by,
When the poor are hovelled and hustled together, each sex, like swine
When only the ledger lives, and when only not all men lie;
Peace in her vineyard—Yes!—but a company forges the wine,*

.
*Is it peace or war? better, war! loud war by land and sea,
War with a thousand battles and shaking a thousand thrones.*

What we expect is a peace that is the highest and most creative form of energy. It is figured and exhibited in the life of Christ as a human possibility and duty.

1. It recognizes the sacredness of the individual, body, mind, and soul, whether of little child, prostitute, liar, or that person who is your pet aversion, and it tries to bring out the latent greatness that is enshrined in every human life.

I have been living since I was last here among the least and simplest of men, the Igorots. One of the last things I saw was a page out of the daily life of an American woman who for long years has lived there. She is a woman who has had all the best things that education and cultured friendship can bestow. She chooses to live miles away from people of her blood in an Igorot town. I see her now wending her way down the mountain side through the filth of the village to seek a decrepit old man, who, hearing her voice, crawls out of his hovel with smiling face that she may bathe the hideous ulcers on his emaciated body. Or again, she is surrounded by groups of little children, or is speaking words of friendship to the women.

Look at that noble Alsatian, Dr. Schweitzer, noted as a musician and author, musical critic, organist to the Paris Bach Society, famous as a writer on theology as well as art. In mature life he studied medicine in Strassburg, Berlin, and Paris, and with his wife went to French Equatorial Africa as a medical missionary, beginning his dispensary in a discarded hen-house.

There he now is among the victims of sleeping sickness, leprosy, and the foul diseases of the tropics.

Tell me, which would you rather be—such as these or a Napoleon? Why, when the martial achievements of the most victorious general or admiral have faded into insignificance, the service of these servants of God will burn with steady light. The difference is between death and life, destruction and construction, desecration and sanctity. These look at men as pawns in a game of human chess; those as God's children, each one sacred. War, under cover of protecting the sanctity of the nation, outrages and desecrates the sanctity of the individual.

2. It recognizes justice and humility as being bound by an unbreakable tie to peace.

Zechariah saw the King of Peace coming, just and lowly. Peace never comes any other way. When arrogance, self-conceit, and prejudice, or antecedent hostility of spirit, enter one door, peace goes out of the other. Justice is, after all, part of humility. It is giving your neighbor equal consideration with yourself—not placing your claims even one notch higher.

I say to you of to-day, "Turn you to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope." The stronghold is the Christ in whom and from whom are justice, humility, and peace. Without Him there is no hope of peace. Money

cannot buy it. Wisdom cannot concoct it. Force cannot capture it. We can promote it and hasten its coming. This war must stir us to earnestness, and startle us into sincerity. Two things let me urge: (a) Get your perspective of life right. Seek ye, *first*, the Kingdom of God and His righteousness. Neither business nor pleasure can come first without disaster. It is a hard thing to get true perspective. It needs an artist's hand. But the Kingdom of God will never abide in the second place. It must be first or not at all. Service is the keynote of the Kingdom. Let nothing deflect your life from personal service which must occupy the major part of our working hours.

(b) If you are at war with others are your wars honorable wars, or wars declared out of the abundance of your arrogance and self-conceit? The way of peace lies before, to be courted and won. Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God.

In closing let me again quote von Buelow—this time with hearty approval: "It is an old truth that men grasp nothing more closely than their hopes, and that if given the choice of greater hope or small fulfilment, they choose the former."

We rejoice, therefore, that we are prisoners of hope, and hold out our wrists to receive hope's silken fetters.

We refuse to live in to-day. We live in to-morrow. Our ideal enlarges as we advance. We can never rest content unless we are storming some fresh difficulty, each successive one more defiant than the last.

“One of the marked characteristics of great men of action is their refusal to rest, even when they have seemed to have gained a surfeit of glory and to have climbed to almost incredible heights of power.”

Go home and play your part in God's programme of peace in family, society, and business, peace born of humility. It will call for patience, for patience is the under-pinning of humility. Some day the prisoners of hope will step out into the great liberty of hope realized.

II

THROUGH THE TERRIBLE TO THE GLORIOUS¹

After these things I saw, and behold, a door opened in heaven, and the first voice which I heard, a voice as of a trumpet speaking with me, one saying, Come up hither, and I will shew thee the things which must come to pass hereafter. Straightway I was in the Spirit; and behold! . . . Rev. iv, 1, 2.

THE language and imagery of the book from which I took the Scripture lesson and from which I have taken my text, at times at any rate, seems to be extravagant and to describe that which is very foreign to our own experience. Again, there are other moments in life when nothing short of the most vivid imagery, such imagery as we get here, will suffice to declare our spiritual experience, and the Book of the Revelation seems to me to give to us, after these days we have spent together, just the sort of thing that we need. You will remember how the book begins, how there is a study, under the guidance of God, of the spiritual values of the activities and life of the seven representative

¹ Preached at the Conference of the World's Student Christian Federation at Lake Mohonk, N. Y., June 2-8, 1913.

churches. The churches were just such as might be found in our own day, but they are revealed to us from the under side and we are permitted to see them as God sees them. At the very outset of this study, there comes the vision of the Christ, and it is in the power of that vision that S. John makes his investigation as to what the condition of the churches really was. And how honest S. John was. He had had a hand in shaping the spiritual life of the day. It may be that he saw some of his own defects portrayed in the defects of the churches, that he had contributed not merely to the spiritual power but also to the spiritual weakness of the churches, for we must not deify S. John. S. John was a man, and he would not have dared to undertake his task without first of all a vision of Christ. So he was in the Spirit, and the most conspicuous thing in the midst of the churches was not their defects, but the figure of Him who, with eyes aflame and with the experience of the ages, was walking to and fro and doing work not merely in and through His servants but also beyond them.

After the study of the churches there comes—and my text is the introduction to it—the unfolding of God's purpose for the future; things terrible and things splendid lie between that moment and the goal, judgment and glory, disaster and triumph. How unintelli-

gible and how awful in their mysterious darkness some of these visions in the Apocalypse are! But it closes the way last night closed. There was the roll of the thunder and the flash of the lightning and the tearing of the elements and the dashing of the rain, then the peace and the radiance of the quiet of the sunset. We come to the close of the Book of the Revelation in the consummation of God's great purpose for mankind, the heavenly Jerusalem, the perfect order, not made by man's hands but coming down from heaven.

Again, standing on the threshold of this marvellous description of the morrow is, not this time Christ, but God in His absolute reality and in the completeness of His essence, in the centre of His universe with creation bursting into adoration, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was and is and is to come." This book written by S. John is a most daring attempt to describe the unutterable, and especially such a vision as that of the Absolute. And we can understand why here we must have that, how impossible it would have been for S. John to have gone on to study all the "things which must come to pass hereafter"—where the blood would rise to the bridles of the horses, where there were dragons, where there was terrifying chaos and confusion for the moment—unless he had seen God in the midst of it all, God protecting His elect. S. John saw all

through the opened door, and through Him who was the heart of his vision, through God.

Indeed, we know it is perfectly true in our own case that it is impossible to face the terrible unless we are first armed with the splendid, and God is the heart of splendor. It is impossible for us to face the splendid—I mean the splendid for man—unless we have God beside us, so that He and not man alone is seen as the force to work out the splendid in us. Otherwise, the splendid is what? It is the impossible rising to mock us, something to tell us of our own impotence and inability to advance beyond being mere sons of men. You say, “Ah, yes; the Book of the Revelation is the language of a rich imagination, but it is also the experience of a mystic, a man who had temperament that I do not possess.” It is true that it is the experience of a mystic, and I do not wish anybody to suppose that I believe everyone is capable of having those extraordinary visions which belong to a select group of men who must first pass through a depth of suffering that few of us are capable of; nevertheless, I do maintain that, while this book is the experience of a mystic, it is a representative book and portrays representative experience rather than a singular experience, and it seems to me if we are looking about to find something to give voice to our experiences in these past days when

we have been together in the Spirit in the presence of God, we can find nothing better than what here lies before us.

We have surveyed, or we have tried to survey, things as they are. We have adjudged spiritual values. We have tried to be absolutely honest in our criticism of ourselves and our Movement, and it may be of our various Communion. But we would not have dared to do it if we had not asked God to judge for and in and with us. We cannot judge ourselves. There is too much of self in the fore, we are too near ourselves, to be fair; but we know God will judge us impartially in order to burn out what He finds imperfect in us. So we have been asking Him, either in explicit or implicit terms, to judge us and our activities during these past days, and we have seen our defects. In our case, as in that of S. John, has it not been so that the chief figure, the chief thought, has been the Christ figure and the Christ thought? Christ is ancient and yet He is modern. He has hair white as snow, but He has eyes like a flame of fire. We have not had to look back to find Christ; we have only had to look and to look in. What a happy thing it is that we have not to search the tangle of history before we can find the Christ, that He is so near that we can touch Him by stretching out the hand! He, we recognize in our Movement, has been working

in and through us. We can see evidence of this everywhere. But then, we know, too, that He has been working beyond us. Let us think for a moment of the unrecognized activities of the Christ. Let us think of the unexplored wealth of God, the depth of the riches of the wisdom and of the love of God. It is not even what God is doing through us and in us that is the main thing in His world. It is what God is doing beyond us.

Well, we have passed through the study of actual conditions. We have adjudged the spiritual values of our yesterdays and now we face our to-morrows. In a literal sense and in a spiritual sense, we have been on the mountain-top and the valleys stretch away at our feet. Viewed from the mountain-top, how wondrous are the valleys, so great in possibilities, so broad in expanse, so that when we go down into them we go into that which is equally magnificent with the mountains. If the mountains look great from the valleys, the valleys look great from the mountains. Let us carry the spirit of the mountain-top with us; let us look through the open door towards the things that must come to pass. "They must come to pass." It is God who said it, not we, as we laid our plans and lifted towards Him our aspirations. It is God who said that things must come to pass, that the impossible is possible, that the perilous is safe, that the commonplace is glorious. God forbid

that anyone should seem to derogate from or depreciate the magnificent in self-sacrifice and self-donation; but it is not—I say this to correct a possible wrong impression that I gave yesterday—it is not that the self-sacrifice and self-donation of the man who gives himself to a difficult task in the foreign field is not splendid, magnificent, heroic; but that the rest of Christian life is just as heroic. Any self-donation, I care not what, however commonplace and dull and gray it may seem to be, viewed through God's eyes, is just as splendid as that, the splendor of which is so easy to perceive. We stand at the opened door and we look through at the commonplace. O my brothers and my sisters, remember there is nothing humdrum in your lives, because Christ is walking in the midst of the golden candlesticks and God in His absolute reality is standing between you and your task, so that if you are going to see your task as it really is you must see it through the splendor and the glory of His being. He stands in the opened door, and through Him and in Him we pass to what He would have us do. First, the vision of God; then, the vision of life with all its vast opportunities, its vast interests.

Now if we do pass through, what will happen? Why this will happen. We shall become, in a sense higher than when the term was applied to Spinoza, God-intoxicated men. And we must be that. Our universe

must be soaked through and through with the presence of God. You know, there are two visions. There is the Christ vision and the God vision, and the God vision is even higher than the Christ vision, because it comes after and on account of the Christ vision. Christ is what He said: "the Way, the Truth, and the Life." Now what I would plead for is this—the cultivation in your own lives, and in the lives of students so far as you are able to influence them, of a subconscious grasp of God that will be the main foundation of life. Unless men have such a subconscious grasp of God, life is not secure. There are moments when we rise, as on this occasion, to peculiarly acute consciousness of God and His presence. We reach moments when symbols are inadequate to express what we have seen and known of God. We have been pressed into His bosom; we have felt the pulsation of His heart. Ah, but why should I try to describe the ineffable? These are moments of high value, but the great thing in life is to have a subconscious conviction of Christ's presence, and, of course, of His character. Because what is the value of knowing a presence unless you know that that presence is the presence of One who has infinite love, absolute holiness, boundless wisdom? There have been moments in my life, and probably your experience has paralleled mine, when, after great activities, because of the dust of the

world that has soiled the soul, I have attempted to reach down into the subconscious self to find God and I have found vacancy. I can think of no more horrible black moments of life than when such experiences have been mine, and may God preserve you from the horror of such moments. Do you not recall at the close of Browning's *Easter Day* how the universe, which has been given back to the man he depicts, is revealed as being without God and therefore as ashes in his hands? Do you not remember how at first it seemed as though the universe was going to be a joy to him, but when he finds that there is not any God, either in his conscious or in his subconscious life, or in the universe outside, he tries to pray and says:

*Thou Love of God! Or let me die,
Or grant what shall seem heaven almost!
Let me not know that all is lost,
Though lost it be—leave me not tied
To this despair, this corpse-like bride!*

I am emphasizing the horror of awaking to the fact that God is not in all our thoughts, that we are without God even for a moment, in order to show what a permanent source of joy and inspiration we have when we develop that subconscious conviction that we are God's and God is ours, that in Him we live and move and have our being. S. Paul knew the meaning of it all, especially

he knew the meaning of the heights. But then, you know, no one can scale the heights until he has plumbed the depths. "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or anguish, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? . . . Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

But how are we to reach this subconscious conviction so that it will be there not merely as a living thing, but as a progressive living thing? Well, we reach it by being in the Spirit, by making a steady effort to develop the higher consciousness, the operation of which is faith. The development of the higher consciousness—and if we could only appreciate just what that means, just what the possibilities of our higher consciousness are. It is our higher consciousness in its fullest development that will finally manifest us as the children of God. We must remember that in man is God's great creative venture. Man is not a finished product yet, by any means. The rest of creation presumably and apparently is. Look at plant life in its fixity, in its immobility, in its satisfac-

tion with the conditions which surround it and with which it is such good friends. Then look at the animal, with its highly developed instincts, so that thought and action are coincident. And how unerring its instinct is! Yes, the plant and animal are completed. But man is not. Man is groping and striving. It is true that he is developing his thought, that he can organize matter, and perceive form. But there is another side of man. There is another department of man's consciousness beside the intelligence, and that is what I have called the higher consciousness, which expresses itself in the activities of faith. Man partly is and wholly hopes to be, and we rise to God's likeness by faith. That is the way we co-operate with God in His great creative venture. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God; but it doth not appear what we shall be." There is something lying beyond. "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth together, waiting for the manifestation of the Sons of God." And it is in our power to speed the day.

But faith, remember—and I am glad that so much stress has been laid on faith in this Conference—is not mere belief. It is "awareness of, attention to, union with the Kingdom—convinced consciousness of a life lived in the atmosphere of God." Faith is the energy by which we lay hold of the beloved. It is the arm of love laying hold of love itself. It is itself the request—indeed,

more than the request—the demand for something, and the appropriation of that for which we make demand. It is a contemplation and an activity. It is prior and superior to intelligence. It is not contradictory to it, but it soars to heights which intelligence never can reach because intelligence is bound by matter. It declares itself in submission to the control of elemental forces that fail to respond to any other call. Its sphere is the unseen and the unforeseen. It lays hold on supersensual realities and changes the human to the divine. It accepts surprises, good and bad, as an inspiration and a challenge. That is faith. If I went on and on and on, I would not tell the limits of its possibilities. The intellect is the faculty by which we organize matter and perceive form. It has recently been said and it seems to me it is true, judging by universal experience, that the intellect is characterized “by a natural ability to comprehend life.”

Now, I am leading to this. You who are guardians of the young, you who are leaders of student life, must remember and teach that the education of the intellect ends, if it is divorced from the education of the higher consciousness, in gross, however seemingly refined, materialism. This is bound to be wherever the education of the intellect and the development of the intelligence is made the main thing. How important it is

that we should insist among students that the first and most important part of their education is the nurture of the higher consciousness. See the effect in the Western world of putting undue stress on the education of the intellect, which so often reaches its zenith in the accumulation of information. Information will soon grow stale, because the information of to-day is the ancient history of to-morrow. See the effect, I say. It is to lay stress upon wealth, upon organization, upon all that pertains to the mere material side of life, and although knowledge is valuable and discussions of abstruse matters are full of interest, what great gift does knowledge give unless it enables a man to live life steadily and to live it to the full? It seems to me that much in the educational standards of to-day tends to paralyze instead of to inspire, for it binds man down to earth instead of lifting him up. I am not depreciating the true value of education of the intellect. I am simply saying it must be kept in its place. The intelligence is the lower consciousness, and the higher consciousness is that which expresses itself in faith reaching out into the unseen—nay, reaching out into the unforeseen and laying hold of vivid ideals to weave into the actual.

The education of the higher consciousness begins in prayer. That is the first thing. We begin by making prayer the servant of our desires. And what happens if

we pray aright? Why, we become ourselves the servant of prayer. We become capable of doing the things which in our prayers we ask. Our prayers go from us as petitions, and they come back to us eventually as God's answer, so that the prayer and the answer coincide.

But then, there is something beyond and greater in the education of the higher consciousness. I mean waiting still upon God. We people in the West do not know the meaning of meditation. We lay a value on time which really belongs to eternity. You have to go to the East in order to learn the meaning of contemplation and waiting still upon God. It is a very significant thing that your General-Secretary says in his report: "The plan of conducting conferences of leaders and officers has been wisely adopted. Of even greater promise is the multiplication of retreats in connection with which groups of workers go apart for periods of unhurried meditation and waiting upon God, and to these spiritual occasions are traceable some of the most vital results in the student field."

What are the results of waiting upon God? I have already said that there will be that subconscious conviction of God's presence and character, which is essential to life. There are other things that flow out of it. One of them is courage. We shall be able to face terrible things that lie before us. We shall be not afraid of evil

tidings, and our hearts will stand fast when we face, for example, the agnosticism and materialism of Japan that have to be faced, when we think of the despair of Russia which was faced with such magnificent courage by one of your leaders, and when we face the social tangle of which we are a part, the un-Christian order in which we live. Let me here insist that the social problem is not a storm beating on some distant coast. It is a condition of which we are a part, a disorder to which we contribute. Can we keep out of the social problem? We could not if we tried. If we went to the Desert of Sahara we would still be a part, a cowardly part, of the social problem. The social problem is life, and you cannot come to know life by merely studying it from the outside. When God wanted to know life, He became man. The only way to know life is to get inside of it. That is the principle of the Incarnation, to live it steadily, to live it whole, both in relation to the seen and the unseen, greeting the unseen with a cheer, and winning great successes by accepting great risks. Courage, that is the result of the subconscious conviction of God in our lives.

And then—Oh, how we need it in our day!—enthusiasm, the fiery hope that comes from God, enthusiasm that will be as stable as it is fiery, the unembarrassed kind of enthusiasm such as you see in the child. It

used to be seen among men more frequently than in our day. Perhaps one reason why we lack unembarrassed enthusiasm is because our lower consciousness has been developed too much in advance of our higher consciousness. Again, I go to the defect of modern education. Intellectual over-training is apt to over-develop prudence until prudence becomes a phase of cowardice and takes away the capacity for self-imperilment. Unless education gives a man a vision of great causes, too great to be caged by definition, and fills him with self-abandonment and energy, then education is a failure.

And thirdly, and I come to my last point, this subconscious grasp of God, this development of the higher consciousness, gives us vivid ideals. At the threshold of the opened door stands God in His absolute character. Through Him we pass into the perils which lie beyond, perils which without Him will destroy but with Him will upbuild us, into things terrible which form the path to things splendid. The man that is, is seen in God as the man that is to be:

*The catholic man who hath mightily won
God out of knowledge, and good out of infinite pain,
And sight out of blindness, and purity out of a stain.*

Through the opened door in the beyond we see the

perfect social order which God is sending us from Heaven. The disorder of the Church as it is fades into the order of the Church as it is to be. We see the perfection of the Bride of Christ, the highest phase of God's Kingdom on earth, our beloved Mother in God. The Church of God even now is the chief sphere and abode of the Spirit's work among men. We must love her, love her all the more because of her distress. If we criticize her, we must criticize her from within and not from without, after the pattern of our Master, and must criticize her to heal and not to hurt her.

On the unity of the Church again let me quote from the report of your Secretary. "Many consider far the greatest contribution made by the Federation to be what it has accomplished in promoting true Christian unity. It has been a living inspiration, discovering for and increasing in multitudes of future leaders of the Church the sense of the unity of Christendom. It has shown the students of the East and the West that they are essential to each other, and has borne in upon thoughtful men everywhere the conviction that the real unity of the human race can be found and realized only through Jesus Christ." We see the unity that is and we reach out to the unity that must be hereafter, that will be when we make our utmost contribution. You have been discussing many years as to what the relation of the

Movement is to the Church. Why, it is simple. The Church, directly or indirectly, made you move, and you are moving within the Church. Be loyal to the Church. That means be loyal to yourselves as the Church of God, because you are the Church. You who are baptized into Christ are the Church, and you and your respective communions are acting as the first strands in the cord that is going to bind Christendom together, and bind it together according to the mind of Christ. The Movement must not degenerate into a sect. The Movement and the Church are not two independent circles touching one another outside at the circumference. Their relation is of a part to a whole. Be loyal to the Church and ask your own Communion to capture the Movement, to take it into its heart, and to use it to the uttermost and to the last

The picture of unity, the picture of the heavenly Jerusalem coming down from heaven—that lies before us as we go out to our tasks. And we go out to our tasks having, first of all, God *in* our thoughts and *beneath* our thoughts in our subconscious life. Let us gird ourselves for service in the spirit of self-donation, counting all things as of no value unless they contribute to life in Christ. Take up your work, then, in the spirit of self-forgetfulness, “divinest self-forgetfulness, at first a task and then a tonic, then a need,” and in God’s

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time and way, through peril and through joy, we shall reach that multitude which no man can number, which stands before God's throne praising and serving Him for evermore.

III

WHOLE MAN FOR WHOLE GOD¹

He which testifieth these things saith, Yea, I come quickly. Amen. Come Lord Jesus. Rev. xxi, 20.

A COMMON impulse gathers us to-day in this place. We come in order to feel the touch of God upon our lives, to be confirmed in our belief that His power has not shrunk with the ages, but that He is still a tower of defence to those who trust in Him, to be challenged by some unrealized ideal, born not of man, but of God. We perceive the brave proportions of human capacity only when we are charged with the performance of a difficult task by the vision of things to be, such as that which shall be my theme this morning—the realization of the Unity of the Church of Christ.

Consider God's impatience in behalf of man. His eagerness finds expression in the cry, "Yea, I come quickly." He means it. His delight is among men. His rush manward is more direct than the arrow seeking its mark, more eager than the flight of the mother-bird

¹ Preached at S. Paul's Cathedral, London.

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on homeward wing. This approach of God to man is matchless in its generosity. It is not the response of God's abundance to man's need, but rather God's abundance leaping unbidden in the direction of man's capacity. From the Protevangel, "It shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel," to this the last chord in the symphony of the written Word, Divine announcement has ever anticipated human appeal. The invitation is accepted by God before it is issued by man. Can there be any surer witness to the dignity of human life than this? The effect of God's eager interest in man's affairs because they are human is to assure us that our dearest hopes and highest ideals are to reach their perfect consummation. No height is too high to scale if God is on our side, no task too impossible to undertake. We are stung into life.

Side by side with God's impatience on behalf of man is His patience with man. He has never once forced His way into human life. If we are reluctant to receive Him, He waits:

*O Jesu, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er.*

The latch is on the inside of the door, and only the human hand can lift it from within. God respects too

much the liberty of will with which He has endowed manhood to interfere with its operation. He is patient in His impatience. He comes quickly, according to announcement—as quickly as we permit. Every prophecy in history is the sound of His approaching feet; every outburst of virtue is a gleam from the radiance of His face; every word of wisdom is the whispering of His counsel; every triumph over opposing forces is an echo of His might. As often as man refuses full entrance He accepts partial entrance. If the palace is closed, He waits in the park without. Be the door opened, never so little, His life enters and illumines. Does man refuse Him the symmetry of a unified Church, He seizes upon the broken order and works marvels with it. There was a time when the broken order and opposing forces seemed best. Now we have superior knowledge we cannot be content any longer with the lower after we have discerned the higher. The history of time is filled with His approaches, manifestations, dartings in, caresses.

But so great, potentially, is the stature of human life that partial incarnations are inadequate. Only God, in the richness of His completeness, is sufficient for man in the richness of His possibilities—whole God for whole man. In the ripeness of time He found full entrance into human life. A body was prepared for Him. He entered

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humanity as every man-child enters the family—from within. The door may be bolted and barred, but no lock can keep the babe out. “The Word was made Flesh, and dwelt among us”—though only for a moment. He was thrust forth as soon as He was discovered. His foothold from the first was precarious—like that of the crag climber who clings to the face of the cliff where only birds can rest secure. In the prime of His manhood He was dislodged by cruel enemies and fell with pierced hands and bleeding feet outside the door of time. This, however, was not the end. Again, with force renewed and sympathy quickened by His human experience, He returned to the assault of love. For evermore the Spirit of God, by virtue of the Incarnation, is the Spirit of man. He seizes upon all that a sluggish, reluctant race will yield, leaving areas of luxuriance and brilliance wherever His eager cry “Yea, I come quickly” meets with the response “Amen, come, Lord Jesus.” Yes, that may not be forgotten—an urgent announcement calls for an urgent reply. In the far-off days, when Isaiah spoke and wrote, it may have been sufficient for men to wait for God; now, instead of being passive, we must hasten toward Him as the shepherds hastened to the Bethlehem Babe. Our best must be His as well as our most. We must give Him room to dwell—whole man for whole God. Nothing

short is a worthy recognition of the approach of Him Who proclaims, "Yea, I come quickly."

Whole man for whole God—this means a corporate offering. Mere individualism is a thing of yesterday. The written record of revelation begins with a garden and ends with a city; it begins with a man and ends with man; it begins with an individual and ends with a society; it begins with a unit and ends with a unity. These days in which we live are not the beginning—they are the end. We must therefore offer God for His foothold a unified Church and an evangelized race. Unity in Christendom is the prayer and purpose of Jesus Christ. Its desirability is beyond dispute. The need of it those who, like myself, belong to a Christian Communion none too numerous or strong, and who, like myself, wear the proud title of missionary, alone can fully appreciate. Fragments can do only fragmentary work. Do not be deceived; without unity the conversion of great nations is well-nigh hopeless. The success of Missions is inextricably bound up with unity. It has been said by some one that we need not more but better Christians. Such antitheses are unfortunate. You cannot have better Christians without having more. The effort to expand is a requisite of health, but the expansion must be of a unified Church, not of sectarian fragments.

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There are four main obstacles in the way of promoting unity. First, acquiescence in the broken order. Satisfaction with the moderate success of things as they are, the acceptance of mediocrity as a necessity, is fatal in the Christian life. We have fleeting glimpses of Christ, when we ought to have a glowing vision. A mutilated Christendom can never have anything better than a mutilated conception of our Lord and an impoverished influx of His power. Our broken Christendom is wholly inadequate to meet the needs of society. We have rather settled down in the conviction that unity is not a possibility, and that we must therefore make the best of the situation as we find it. Unity is possible only so far as we believe it to be so, and there can be no realization of it or any other ideal until we crown our desire for it with our conviction that it must be. Secondly, the sense of security among great dominating Churches like the Church of England, the Roman Catholic Church, and the Orthodox Churches of the East. It is their misfortune rather than their fault if they fail to recognize the imperative need of unity. They are apt to be prejudiced in their own favor by their prestige and position. They rejoice in their strength and mistake their local for universal influence. Endowed as each is with a body of systematic theology all its own, they are in danger of worshipping their idea of God instead of God,

and invoking the presence of their idea of Christ rather than Christ. Ideas are noble, but at best they contain only a cupful of nourishment and are soon wrung dry.

Thirdly, the misuse of the word "Church." So far as I am aware, there is no warrant except perverted use for the application of the word Church to any existing Christian Communion in the sense it is commonly intended. The word is so majestic in what it connotes that it cannot bear the restraint of adjectival qualification beyond what has been attached to it in the language of the Creeds. A distinguishing word linked to it—like Protestant or Episcopal, for instance—is apt to contradict the essential meaning of the word. The utmost it can bear is a territorial or a national characterization, and only then if it is applied with understanding. Its careless use obscures the catholicity of its sweep, caging men in sectarianism and removing the stinging rebuke which it for ever carries to a city that is not at unity with itself. My preference would be to term the various organic groups of Christians indiscriminately as Communion. Not one is to-day worthy of a better title. Then we could reserve "Church" for the Bride of Christ, that glorious Church, holy, without blemish, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing.

Fourthly, substitutes for unity, of which there are two principal ones, called respectively Undenominational

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tionalism and Uniformity. Undenominationalism at best can only hope to bring about a federative patchwork, "a glueing of the Churches together at the edges." At worst it will lead us into the slough of unreality by slurring over those distinctions of conviction which call for a treatment, not of obliteration, but of preservation and synthesis. The other substitute—Uniformity—is equally disastrous. At best it is capable only of creating structural dignity and formal completeness. At worst it would rob us of our royal liberties by an imperialistic tyranny. It is organic unity that we are reaching for, not reunion. The former is from within; the latter from without. The one is fundamental, the other artificial. It is a mistake to suppose that it is desirable to reproduce the imperialistic unity of ancient times, good as it was for the moment. It is no more desirable or possible than it would be to regain the civilization that is past. That which is to be can be built only on that which is. There is a simple unity and a synthetic unity. The former precedes, the latter succeeds analysis. It is synthetic unity which is our goal. Our next formal or organized effort is to discover by personal conference just where we stand, and to clear the issues befogged by controversy.

The Communion which I represent, less than two months ago in its Representative Council, composed of

upwards of three hundred picked presbyters and laymen and more than a hundred Bishops, adopted, without a dissenting voice, the following resolution:

“We believe that the time has now arrived when representatives of the whole family of Christ, led by the Holy Spirit, may be willing to come together for the consideration of questions of Faith and Order. We believe, further, that all Christian Communions are in accord with us in our desire to lay aside self-will, and to put on the mind which is in Jesus Christ our Lord. We would heed this call of the Spirit of God in all lowliness and with singleness of purpose. We would place ourselves by the side of our fellow-Christians, looking not only on our own things, but also on the things of others, convinced that our one hope of mutual understanding is in taking personal counsel together in the spirit of love and forbearance. It is our conviction that such a conference for the purpose of study and discussion, without power to legislate or to adopt resolutions, is the next step towards unity. With grief for our aloofness in the past and for other faults of pride and self-sufficiency which make for schism, with loyalty to the truth as we see it, and with respect for the convictions of those who differ from us, holding the belief that the beginnings of unity are to be found in the clear statement and full consideration of those things in which we differ, as well

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as of those things in which we are at one, we respectfully submit the following resolution:—*Whereas*, there is to-day among all Christian people a growing desire for the fulfilment of our Lord's prayer that all His disciples may be one, that the world may believe that God has sent Him, *Resolved*, That a Joint Commission be appointed to bring about a Conference for the consideration of questions touching faith and order, and that all Christian Communions throughout the world which confess our Lord Jesus Christ as God and Saviour be asked to unite with us in arranging for and conducting such a conference."

"What a risk!" I hear some one say. Yes, I reply, a glorious risk. It were better far for a Christian Communion to risk the loss of its distinctive character in a brave effort toward unity than to sit in idle contemplation of a shattered Christendom. At worst it would lose its eccentricities and prejudices; at best it would lose itself entirely in the splendor of unity according to the mind of Christ. But let there be what peril there may, peril for God's sake is the only safe condition for Church or Churchmen. It is more reasonable to be in peril than in security if the best things lie a hair's-breadth beyond the peril. Everything worth having is found only on the yonder side of a risk. We must have unity, not at all costs, but at all risks. A unified Church

is the only offering we dare present to the coming Christ, for in it alone will He find room to dwell. Whole man for whole God is our watchword. Let us expect unity, let us think unity, let us pray for unity, let us work for unity. If we fail, it will be better to fail because we have dared great things than because we have not dared at all, so that men can say that we aimed at—

*The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky.*

IV

THE WAR OF THE GREAT DAY OF GOD, THE ALMIGHTY¹

Revelation xvi, 14.

A GREAT and good man was once travelling in an English railway carriage. A religious fanatic, young, it is needless to say, sitting opposite, eyed him for a while. Then leaning forward he said to his senior: "Brother, have you found peace?" "No," was the prompt and emphatic reply, "I have found war."

To-day your hearts and minds are filled with joy and peace as you reach the consummation of your long cherished hopes and plans for unity. It would be an unbecoming and ungrateful thing for me upon whom you have bestowed the privilege of addressing you on this important occasion, were I to strike wilfully a jarring and unsympathetic note. Yet I would be untrue to my trust if I were to do less than speak the full truth as I

¹ A sermon preached on Sunday, 11 October, 1914, in the Union Church of Manila on the occasion of the union of the Presbyterian and Methodist English-speaking congregations.

understand it. So I have chosen as the starting point of my message to you a striking phrase, full of awe and splendor. If for a moment I have lifted it from its grim setting it is only that you may more clearly discover the meaning of the full context of which it is the keystone. The optimist is a man who wrenches brilliant truths from the stern defences of their setting; the pessimist is one who flings away the gem and clutches to his bosom the thorny frame; the Christian is a man who estimates both gem and setting at their full worth.

Let me read you the whole passage in which the words of the text are enshrined: "They are spirits of devils, working signs; which go forth unto the kings of the whole world, to gather them together unto the war of the great day of God, the Almighty. (Behold, I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth, and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked, and they see his shame). And they gathered them together into the place which is called in Hebrew Har-Magedon."

It is at moments of history like the present that the Revelation of S. John the Divine becomes intelligible and a source of comfort and inspiration. To anyone who has tried to live, this book is not without rich meanings. Indeed it is an unveiling, for such is the meaning of "Apocalypse" or "revelation." It opens up the deep things of life. In it there are always two ele-

ments as illustrated by this passage which I am quoting. There is the weird, ghastly, terrible; and the comely, noble, inspiring. They are always in close juxtaposition. You are swung rapidly from one to the other. The simple truth that is conveyed by the whole imagery is that for him who knows Christ the route to the best is by way of the worst. It is significant and instructive that the two characters, both of them well experienced in dark and dreadful disciplines, who have most successfully touched the heights of the sublime and stung men to fresh vision, are S. John the Divine and Dante. But they have done it only after painting with fearless and unsparing brush all that is terrible.

So it is that the words I have taken for a text on this day of hope and gladness blaze forth from a grim setting like a tongue of fire in the night. In language that is startling and revolting we are told of the wrath of God being poured out on the earth in seven plagues—or swift blows, for “plague” is but the Greek word for “blow.” Things good in themselves become as poison—the earth is filled with ulcers, the sea is stagnant with blood as are the majestic rivers and the merry little streams that streak the valleys, the blessed fertilizing sun becomes a destroying furnace, the air vomits lightnings, and the family of men gather for war. Yet this is the Great Day of God the Almighty.

The picture is of an existing situation. It is of a civilization without God, the life-giving, the preservative, the progressive element, and of the fate of such a civilization—self-destruction. But in the very ruins God's war for a truer civilization begins. His trumpets summon men to join with Him to usher in a Great Day. It is not that men think that they are without God in the world. On the contrary they prided themselves on their civilization being Christian. But the trouble has been God has been put second instead of first. We have tried to perform that impossible feat—marry God and the world power or “beast.”

The world convulsion of to-day does not leave us outside of its upheaval. It is one of those swift visitations that come as a thief in the night and reveal our nakedness. It unveils us personally, industrially, socially, nationally, ecclesiastically. But to Him that watcheth it is the blessed and Great Day of God.

The unveiling which Har-Magedon has already accomplished is well stated in the words of one of my correspondents, a subject of one of the belligerent monarchs: “We are all very sad at the outbreak of the war—some of us at the proud boasting of our being free from blame and at the inability to see that we are not blameless because of our worship of the Golden Calf. That, with the same kind of worship offered to the same idol by our

chief foe for the past twenty years or more, is to blame, it seems to me."

The Churches can say but little. Have they not been constantly at war with one another for centuries, with seldom a truce even? We are a kingdom divided against itself and we have fallen. This war would have been an impossibility had the Church been one. If war is an evil in national life, it is a thousand-fold greater evil in church life. Humbled and awakened the Churches must renew their search for peace and unity according to God's will. But how?

1. *Not by slurring over honest differences or by slighting convictions.* There is one thing worse than war—saying peace, peace where there is no peace. Twice that great statesman, Jeremiah, speaking of God's judgment on evil, counts it as one of the sins that the leaders have "healed the heart of my people lightly, saying, peace, peace where there is no peace." And Ezekiel likewise announces God's visitation on the prophets "because, even because they have seduced my people, saying peace, and there was no peace." To create the appearance and use the name peace when there is no peace is insincerity, foolishness, a sand foundation. War is at least honest in its hates and rivalries.

2. *Not for economic reasons.* I have heard business men at home argue that the churches must get together

in the mission field, because of waste of money; if there were unity we should be able to do so much more with the money available. To plead this as a *cause*—it might be a convenient *result*—of unity is but a refined phase of the worship of the Golden Calf. Truth is always costly, and it were better far to be loyal to conviction in magnanimous separation than to heed such an argument for unity. We cannot come together for reasons of commercial saving.

3. *Not for the sake of ease and convenience.* Though I stand for and believe in peace, and wear the badge of the Peace Society, I am not an advocate of peace that has as its goal and motive ease and the love of ease. There are those who in self-indulgence, disliking the austere and difficult, long for peace as a means of gratifying their indolence. Peace, if I understand its meaning, has no room in its mansions for the idle or the cowardly. The demands of peace are more exacting than those of war. When we pass from war to peace we pass from compulsory to volitional effort, from necessity to choice. Because we forget this, peace falls into disrepute. The forces of evil are organized and active frequently when those of righteousness are lolling in slippered ease.

There were those among the abolitionists who after the Civil War folded their hands in smug satisfaction.

The victory was won. True. But victory won is always a starting point for higher achievement if the victory is to live as a permanent force. The result of indolent peace after the Civil War was that the freed-man in some respects was worse off than ever. Such men as General Howard and General Armstrong saved the situation, as far as it was saved. The establishment of peace was for them the signal for a "war of the Great Day of God." "There is something in this standing face to face with destiny," said General Armstrong, "looking into the darkness, that is inspiring: it appeals to manhood; it is thrilling like going into action." He interprets the duties of peace in terms of war. "The day-time of our labor for the freed people is short. The North has not as yet done its full duty in this matter. . . . The education of the freed-man is the great work of the Day; it is their only hope, the only power that can lift them up as a people, and I think every encouragement should be given to schools established for their benefit." Later, when he found how grave his peace-war was, he said, with that delicious humor that was his: "It remains to make the best of things. Those who are hopeless disarm themselves, and may as well go to the rear; men and women of faith, optimists, to the front. This is the Christian era. *In hoc signo vinces* is the motto of the faithful; they are not afraid. But mere

optimism is stupid; sanctified common-sense is the force that counts. Work for God and man is full of detail. It needs organization, requires subordination, sometimes painful holding of the tongue; gabble and gossip, even that of the pious, is one of the most fatal devices of the evil one; the friction and fuss in God's army does much to defeat it. Many people are good, but good for nothing. Working together is as important as working at all."

No one has more reason than the Christian to believe in the necessity of peace with tension. One of England's most accomplished philosophers, Mr. Bosanquet, holding the view that God is a "weary Titan" needing man's vigorous co-operation, maintains that "there is no satisfaction without tension. The Celestial City has its problems. The object of the soul's quest is not happiness, but, as Carlyle told his generation so often, blessedness."

The true motive for peace and unity is set forth in our Lord's profound prayer as recorded in John xvii: "That the world may believe that thou didst send me." It is a necessity for the knowledge of God which is life eternal, blessedness, that for which man was made.

I have watched with interest and sympathy your brave and conscientious effort toward local unity.

Though I differ from you strongly in matters pertaining both to faith and order, I differ from you in a constructive and not a controversial spirit. Organic unity between your communions and my own is not possible now, but there is a unity of the spirit in the bond of peace upon which I fall back even when it is necessary to emphasize differences. You have met and braved no small difficulties in the course of your negotiations between church and church. Two particularly stand out in relief. First, you have done in a particular instance what your churches in their completeness have as yet been unable to do. You have achieved local organic unity. It is surely the first and simplest step toward wider unity, that like-minded communions, which have no deep difference in matters of faith and order, should unite. It would appear to be logic to maintain that what local congregations can do, the whole churches of which they are units must do. Then in the second place you have faced and agreed to risk the danger of creating a rather nondescript church. These two considerations are important and I assume you have given them due heed.

But let me insist that your new-born peace must be a signal for war, the war for and with God. If your difficulties have been great in the past, they are bound to be greater still in the future. Whenever we have

arrived at a Great Day of God it spells war. You will have to guard yourselves against any levelling down of convictions to a lowest common denomination. There must be no slighting of noble traditions. Else you may find yourselves spiritually adrift. Make worship of and devotion to the living Christ the pivot of your life. We may not allow Christ to be reduced to a system by ultra-ecclesiasticism or to an adjective of philosophy. He must be to us what above all else He is, Personality both human and divine. Unity should find its expression in deepened moral earnestness that will reject with scorn the quibbles by which we allow doubtful and more than doubtful amusements, practices, and habits to continue in our lives. God's world is very good—earth, waters, sun, and sky. But civilization turns into a curse instead of a blessing if the priority of God is trifled with by men, and the things that should have been for their wealth become unto them an occasion of falling—peace turns for them into a trap.

To-day in your triumph of unity and peace I sound the trumpet calling you to war. Men are made for tasks and in them they find their satisfaction. Manhood untaxed by problems falls into decay. Haste, then, to the war. "Take up the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and, having done all, to stand. Stand, therefore, having

girded your loins with truth, and having put on the breastplate of righteousness, and having shod your feet with the preparation of the gospel of peace; withal taking up the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the evil one. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God; with all prayer and supplication praying at all seasons in the Spirit, and watching thereunto in all perseverance and supplication for all the saints"—and so will you be great and victorious warriors in the war of the Great Day of God, the Almighty.

V

THE CENTRE OF LIFE¹

After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; And cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb. Rev. vii, 9 and 10.

THE striking thing in this vision is not the vastness of the multitude, but its perfect unity and coherence, though there is everything in the multitude to create diversity and, according to the experience of history, friction; the multitude consists of every nation, and all tribes, and peoples, and tongues. Evidently there is no more war; the nations have ceased to be independent units, and all are blended together in a magnificent family. Now the reason why this vast multitude has coherence and unity is made apparent,—that is the striking thing in the passage. The eyes of all are fixed upon one central point, and all life flows toward

¹ Preached in S. Paul's Cathedral, Boston, Massachusetts, Sunday, November 2, 1913.

a throne. Man has ceased to have his way, and God at last has His way. The result is beauty, and righteousness, and peace.

God the centre of life,—I think that is the main point brought out by this passage. And not merely God, but God in His character of the Self-giving One. The multitude are crying with a loud voice, saying, *Salvation unto our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb*. Why unto the Lamb? Because the Lamb expresses the character of God. God manifests Himself through Christ; and Christ's chief characteristic (if we may so speak) is His constant giving of Himself. The Lamb represents the idea of sacrifice. So there we have, quite clearly placed before us, the means by which the great multitude of human kind are going to be unified, and their lives consummated.

It is a very interesting thing, and of extreme value, that when God is represented in the pages of Scripture, He is never represented as being alone, but always in the midst of intelligent beings who are sharing His life. Go back even to the Old Testament conception of God, to the earliest picture that is drawn of Him—God goes seeking man, He cannot rest alone; and so, out of the abundance of His love, because His Fatherhood is eternal, He creates human kind. When you come down to the days of the great Prophets, like Isaiah and

Ezekiel, you will find that with the vision of God is also the vision of intelligences, of life flowing into God, as God's life flows into those about Him. Here again, in this picture that we have just been getting before us from the pages of the Book of the Revelation, we have the same thing: God in the midst of a multitude, the unifying force of that multitude. The comforting thing about this picture is that it is a promise,—it is of that which is going to be; and also it is a clear declaration to us how all men are going to be welded into one great family. There is no other way, absolutely no other way, except through recognition of God, through men's losing their lives in contemplation of Him. The result of such contemplation is that we get the completeness of God's forgiveness.

The white robes!—here again, what comfort there is in the thought!—the white robes were not always white; there was a time when they were stained, stained because man was having his own way; and whenever a man has his own way, he gets into trouble. It is certain; you know it, and I know it,—that self-will leads to sorrow, and to futile effort, and to a stained character. But the stained robes become white. How wonderful is God's power! It is far more wonderful that God should have given man a power, an ability, to sin, and then, after man has sinned, to cleanse him and make him as

though he had not sinned, than for Him to have created a being who could not sin; because a man with a will and a power of choice is greater than the greatest of puppets. We are not God's puppets; we are His children, made in His image and conformed to His likeness. Forgiveness—what does forgiveness mean? Does it mean the flowing-in upon the soul of a wave of comfort, and a separating of the mind from the bitterness and the misery of the memory of sin? God forbid! Forgiveness sometimes is signalized by God by His plunging us into the very depths of darkness; but a darkness that can be borne, and a darkness that has a perfecting, a transfiguring power. Forgiveness means the separation of man from the control of sin; and forgiveness in its ultimate perfection means the righteousness of God,—something that is for us here, now; not something that is to come in some remote and timeless age. God's gifts are as instantaneous and as swift and as fiery as the lightning.

The whole consummation of life is bound up, in this image, with God: *Salvation unto God that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb*. What does salvation mean? Why, it means the rising up of all those latent powers of life which God has planted in us, and which eventually will find complete expression and use; until man is so wonderful a being that, on looking back on

his beginning, he will marvel that so great and so majestic a life could spring and be developed from so mean a beginning. We are only, the best of us, less than half made; God is shaping us now. Man is God's great creative venture,—*and all creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain, waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God.* Beloved, now are we the sons of God; but we have not any conception of what we are going to be. The strength and the beauty and the joy that are latent in human life only declare themselves when we put ourselves to the test, and aim at the impossible. Christianity is still young in the world,—Heaven knows how young it is even in the greatest saint.

That is the meaning of salvation. It is not any trumpery self-saving; it is not the preservation of certain things in ourselves that we have now; but it is an endless progress, a rising up to heights that we cannot even dream of. God is the centre of life, yesterday, and to-day, and forever.

And what is God? Well, we know this about God, at any rate,—that He is a being whom we cannot analyze. If our God is solely the result of our theologies, our studies, then He is less than we are. If God is not beyond analysis, then He is not big enough for mankind. Here we have the picture of the God and the multitude,—we have life flowing into God, and they are lost in

Him. They know Him, and they know Him best who know that they have much more to know of Him than they have already come to know. This is the thought in worship,—kneeling in God's Presence and pouring out our life toward Him, knowing that in communion will come new visions of God. Worship is a thing that we neglect. Yes, we say our prayers; but saying our prayers is only the beginning of worship. God as Personality rises out of the midst of this vision,—Personality uniting persons into a great, a new, a corporate personality,—the *multitude, which no man could number*.

But supposing that you and I had a very profound conviction that God was present and in His world,—it would not do us much good unless we knew what sort of a God we were in the presence of. Mere presence is valueless; character, however, added to presence means something. And so what I have called the chief characteristic of Christ is mentioned here. He is the self-giver; He is the Lamb,—always offering Himself. Some of us, perhaps from false associations, rather shy away from the expression, *self-sacrifice*; let us substitute another word, let us call it *self-donation*,—self-sacrifice is too exclusively bound up with the thought of pain. Of course, pain is always an element in self-offering, because whenever we give the highest, we subdue the lowest, and the lowest strikes us with its weapons, and

we suffer. I like to use the word *self-donation*, because it brings out the joy of self-giving; and I want you just for a moment to glance at the joy of God in giving Himself to mankind, the joy of the lover, giving himself to the beloved: *God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son*. And the Lamb, the character of God, is working in us to-day as completely and as fully—indeed, with cumulative force—as when Christianity was in its pristine vigour. Ah, if I had power to do it, I would unveil before you the Christ, and I would say simply, “See the Christ stand” and then leave you.

That is what the world needs to-day. It needs men who, by their own experience in Christ, can sweep away the veils that hide Him from others’ eyes, so that they will be able to have new life and new experience in Him. Christ is the most active, the most real person in the society of men to-day; so far as the nation has coherence, it is due to the activity of the Christ. The Christ is not merely working in and with men, but beyond them; there are unexplored reaches of God which are waiting for us to discover and take into our experience. He is the most experienced, the most modern man, is the Christ; in touch with all that is good, all that is promising, fostering and caring for us, even the smoking flax and the bruised reed.

I have no new gospel to give you, but I have the old,

old gospel,—Christ: and in this intricate, complicated life of to-day, you find in Him the sole hope, and the sole unifying and interpreting element.

You and I call ourselves Christians; and we are Christians, thank God! We do but poorly; but then, Christ is so considerate and so ready to take even the least that is given Him in sincerity, that we know He is beside us,—that He is beside the sorrowing and the sick, and those who are distressed in conscience. But if we want our Christianity to be a more splendid thing and a more true thing than it has been, then we must draw nearer to the Christ. That is the whole essence of Christianity. Christianity is devotion to persons, with Christ as the centre—an imperfect definition, but I think you perceive the underlying meaning. Consequently there is only one commandment in the Christian Church, and that is, love;—love of God, love of your fellow man. Be devoted to God, and be devoted to your brother. Christianity is devotion to persons, with God as manifested in Christ as the centre; consequently, the greatest sin against Christianity is idolatry. Idolatry has always been the greatest sin against religion. It was so amongst the Jews. What is the first recorded sin? Why, it was the momentary withdrawal of allegiance to God in order that the culprits might give allegiance to a thing. Putting things before persons,—that is the

meaning of idolatry. In the New Testament there is a great and striking illustration of idolatry: idolatry did not cease with golden calves and images of wood and stone; idolatry is what it was. It is the substitution of things for persons; and when God comes to judge men and to give people their true place, all those who have substituted things for persons—whether among the Jews, or among the Chinese, or among the Americans—will be grouped together in one miserable mob. A young man comes to Christ on one occasion. He is a choice person, whom Christ loves as soon as He sees him; a man of means, we would say; a philanthropic person, in all probability,—he may not have given away much of his principal, but a good deal of his income. Christ's whole soul goes out to this man, and He says to him: You can be a perfect man, if you wish; the trouble with you at the present moment is that the emphasis of your life is on the side of things and not of persons; go sell all you have, give to the poor, and come and follow me. The young man went away deeply troubled, because he had great possessions; and that is called *the great refusal*. That is idolatry; it is choosing things before persons, choosing the material before the spiritual. One always hopes about that young man that in solitude he repented him of his mistake, and brushed away that which kept him from God, and chose God

and His service instead of the things that were hiding and obscuring God.

What are our own idolatries? We have many; and our idols have from time to time claimed our allegiance. But we do not wish to be idolaters; we wish to be free men. S. John's warning (the last words almost that he wrote), as he closed his letter to those who were dear to him, is very pertinent to-day. It is again present in the thought that Christ is the centre of life, and that if we substitute anything for Him, we are idolaters. S. John says: "We know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know Him that is true: and we are in Him that is true, even in His Son, Jesus Christ. This is the true God, and eternal life." Then he ends by the appeal of a father to his little children,—"*My little children, guard yourselves from idols.*"

One of the idols of the American nation is its public school system,—the idea that through the imparting of what is called *education* (but which is really mere information), men are prepared for citizenship in the State and are fitted to take their stand with God. Am I right or am I wrong in saying that an undue emphasis has been given in these United States of ours to the merely intellectual in education?—it is so far above the educational system of any other civilized country. Religion

or religious information, is not arbitrarily ruled out of the schools, but the State says,—It is impossible for us to participate in religious instruction in the schools, because—Because of what?—because of a divided Church. If we had a unified Church, then there could not be secularized education. And although it is true that in the case of the State there is an attempt to be impartial, ordinarily, when there is an attempt to be neutral, it ends in antagonism, expressed or implied.

Let me give you some instances and illustrations of how men of high repute and great scholarship have viewed, toward the end of their career, purely secular achievement in the realm of thought. In 1896, Lord Kelvin was celebrating his jubilee as Professor of fifty years' standing; and he made this memorable confession:

“One single word comprises the result of all that I have done toward furthering science during the last fifty-five years, and this word is *failure*. I know not one iota more to-day about electric and magnetic force, how ether and electricity and the weighable substances of matter stand to one another, than when I delivered my first lecture.”

And, curiously enough, that same year Herbert Spencer finished his great *Synthetic Philosophy*. In the last volume he writes as pathetic words as are to be

found in literature, regarding a man's early ambitions and their realization:

"When I started out to do this work, I was filled with the inspiration of the thought; but now that I have accomplished my purpose, the only satisfaction I have is that I have finished something that I made up my mind to do."¹ I do not quote his exact words, but that is the idea. In other words, he writes across his philosophy the word *failure*; and so far as the generation succeeding him is concerned, it has endorsed his judgment.

By itself, science and philosophy are both a *cul de sac*,—and why? Because, taken apart from God, you are substituting, not things for persons, but ideas for persons. A man cannot live on ideas; a man must live on personalities. I could give you numberless illustrations; but your own hearts will tell you that that which has as its sole end a new realization and possession of the material, or the acquisition of information can never satisfy and feed you. We know that, and yet how foolish we are! We continue to feed ourselves on husks, hoping some day to find a husk that will not interfere with our digestion. And in the midst of this struggle to get the soul's satisfaction, Christ comes to us, and He says—I am your sufficiency.

¹ *Principles of Sociology*, ii., 3, *Preface*.

Look at the instances in history where men have sought for God, have lived in God; read the story of their lives and their last words, and you will always find satisfied men. Christ lived in God, and in His fellows by faith; and although He had the most painful life that ever human being had, yet when He came to die He was satisfied, as He put His soul anew into His Father's hand, fearing nought. And S. Paul, knowing that in a few days he was going to die, said: "*I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith.*" And Livingstone, in a tropical jungle, knowing he was never again to see a white face, said: "My Jesus, my God, my Lord, my All!" Person rising to personality, the incomplete rising to the complete.

I know it is quite possible, my friends, that I am speaking to some whose conception of Christ is not the full conception; and yet He is the one figure to Whom you turn when difficulties thicken, and when sorrows submerge you. Whatever be your conception of Christ, be true to it! Christ does not expect you to be unreal, but He does expect you to approach Him as far as you are able.

Not long ago, one who had achieved fame in the world, but who had not been brought into touch with the Christ (had never had Christian experience, as we say), had occasion to study the sacred records and to

read Christian literature. His profession necessitated that he should do this in connection with the work he was undertaking. The result was that toward the end of his career, he said: "Now that I have come to know this Christ, anything that I have is His; and where He is, I want to be." And so he became a Christian.

My little children, guard yourselves from idols.

II

CHRISTIAN THOUGHT AND LIFE

VI

A LESSON IN PITY¹

Straightway one of them ran, and took a sponge and filled it with vinegar, and put it on a reed, and gave Him to drink. S. Matt., xxvii, 48.

THERE is one voluntary act of kindness in the story of Christ's Passion. It rises on our gaze as a single star on a night of inky blackness. Church and State in unholy alliance have done the deed, and crucified Love is stretched upon the Cross. The crowd encircling the Sinless Sufferer and His two companions in pain have not kept silence. Many and confused are the voices which have been lifted. Church dignitaries have grown hoarse with taunting cries. Soldiers trained in the school of violence have let no opportunity go by of exercising their coarse wit. No word of pity has broken the monotony of heartless cries save when the dying robber, melting into penitence, vindicates the innocence of Christ and in his humble appeals recognizes in this Victim a King with the honors of a Kingdom in His

¹ The substance of a meditation given during Holy Week at S. Stephen's Church, Boston.

gift. The horror of the noon-tide night has checked the storm of hate and envy. The three hours of darkness are drawing to a close when for the fifth time on the Cross Christ's lips, now drawn and parched with burning thirst, are parted that the words "I thirst" may escape. Not all caught the two syllables which told of His pain and need, following as they did close on the cry "Eloi, Eloi, Lama Sabachthani?" And while some of those who stood by were exclaiming, "This man calleth for Elias," one whose ear had been quickened with growing pity heard the low-uttered word of pain "and straightway ran and took a sponge, and filled it with vinegar and put it on a reed, and gave Him to drink. The rest said, Let be, let us see whether Elias will come to save him." Seemingly a small incident, this. An unknown man coming out of obscurity and fading away forthwith as soon as his insignificant act of pity was finished, touches, with a sponge dipped in vinegar, the lips of a dying man. That is all. Small incident though it be, it marks the dawn of an era. Since that day a ministering angel has walked too and fro with tireless feet through our world of pain and sorrow. That angel's name is Pity.

Pity has four distinguishing characteristics.

1. She is bright-eyed. No Lazarus can lie at her gate in hunger and pain. She sees him while he is yet

afar off and goes to meet him. For her, facts have loud voices which she cannot fail to heed. "The spoken need" is ever "an unspoken request." To importune pity is to insult her. The cry, "I thirst," murmured in the feeblest accents, whether it come from the cross or from out the poorest corner of the meanest alley is all sufficient. Others may be deaf to the appeal. Pity is quick of ear as well as bright of eye and straightway steps out from the crowd equipped for action.

Christ exhibits the depth as well as the height of pity. It was at a marriage feast when the wine came short and the Mother of the Lord said to Him: "They have no wine." No request was made. The need was expressed in simplest terms. But a few moments elapsed before He bade the servants "draw out" from six large vessels of rich wine and "bear unto the governor of the feast." The host was spared the humiliation of having insufficient refreshment provided for his guests. The depth of pity condescends to prevent embarrassment.

Another incident tells of the height of pity. Two mourning sisters greet their Friend with the words: "Lord if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." There is no hesitation. While the tears still moisten His cheeks He calls the dead man back to life: "Lazarus come forth." And pity shows that it embraces the whole life of man. It touches the highest as

well as the lowest need. It spares the cheek the blush of shame and it dries the mourner's tears by flinging wide back the gate of death and reuniting soul and body.¹ Busy though pity be in ministering to patent need, she has time to explore. "The Son of Man has come to seek and to save that which was lost." Her bright eyes detect the hidden need as she searches the nooks and corners of life. To-day, perhaps, she startles the self-satisfied by revealing to them that they are poor and naked and blind, but in the same breath telling them how they may get the wherewithal for their wants. To-morrow she will lay bare the sorrows of the paupers banished to the bleak islands of a ship-studded harbor or in irresistible tones appeal for home care and love for the epileptic.² No one thought that such need existed until pity went on an exploring tour and told what she saw. Pity is a critic, but more than a critic; she both exposes the flaw and suggests the remedy.

2. Bright-eyed pity is also quick-footed. That unknown minister of Christ's need *ran*. But not so fast as to trip. Pity is quick but not hurried, nimble but not stumbling. She is too much in earnest to be hasty, "Mine hour is not yet come." "When Jesus heard that Lazarus was sick, He abode still two days in the same

¹ See *Preachers of the Age*, by Alex. McLaren, D.D., p. 19, etc.

² *A Colony of Mercy*, Julie Sutter.

place where He was." Our pity for those who are underneath in the mêlée of nineteenth century competitive life, must no more betray us into the acceptance of the first social panacea proposed than into anarchism. "The temptation to calculate rather than to analyze—to fly at once to a mechanical process rather than pause for one which is laborious and demands original research, is active in many of the sciences."¹ Whatever results may ensue upon such methods are at the best of very restricted value. Pity is quick to move toward the need but she runs circumspectly and with sure as well as nimble foot. She estimates the probable time at her disposal and regulates her movements accordingly, bearing in mind that unripe fruit is sour and poisonous, that premature caresses are blows.

3. Bright-eyed, nimble-footed Pity is quick-witted, fertile in expedients.

The scene of the need has been reached. What must be done to give relief is obvious. That thirst must be quenched. But how? That is the question. Ordinary methods will not do. The jar of sour wine is at hand, but those lips are beyond the reach of the longest arm. Ah! Here is a sponge and yonder a reed. Dip the sponge into the wine. Now fit it on the reed—so. Raise it to His mouth. There! It is done and it was

¹ Bosanquet.

very simple was it not? Yes, to the quick wits of pity. Pity must not lose her head or she will be unable to use her arm. She will fail to see the reed and sponge and with shaking hand will try to minister the drink from cup or jar only to spill it on the ground. Then the poor lips will have to remain parched. Much good material is wasted by those who with untrained minds and immature judgment desire and strive to perform works of mercy. Before Christ came to earth as man, pity was an emotion but not a power. Her fingers were "law-stiffened." She saw cause and effect ever working with deadly certainty. She knew not that any hand but that of God could arrest the process of decay or assuage the pain. Miracles were wrought by the hand of the Son of Man *as man* to show that man could exercise as well as feel pity. Miracles ceased in order to set pity's wits at work. The need was patent. The possibility of relief had been revealed. There is the sick man. Here are various elements of nature. Find the happy combination that will prove effectual. So pity works hand in hand with science. The soul of scientific surgery is pity. Unintelligible becomes intelligible healing.

The first trained Christian nurse was that man who gave Christ a sip of sour wine; the first hospital appliances were the sponge and reed that afforded the means of ministering the needed refreshment.

4. Bright-eyed, nimble-footed, quick-witted Pity is indifferent to obstacles. She believes that there is a remedy for every evil under the sun. To her a discovered need is a proof of an existing relief. She heeds not the cry of the crowd: "Let be, let us see whether Elias will come to save Him." *Laissez-faire*, the "let alone" doctrine is in her eyes only refined brutality. She will rest content only when *all* expedients have been tried; and effort follows effort in untiring succession. Day by day new secrets are unlocked by the perseverance of those who will allow themselves to forget neither the unsolved problem nor the God of love who holds out the solution to him who will not tire in his determination to secure relief for the suffering brethren.

The cost of contending with obstacles must be paid. Pity is not seldom weary. The gifts of healing which Christ bestowed were not "like pennies scattered from the purse of a millionaire." He *spent* Himself on the wants of others. So will it be with pity as long as this world of ours bears the character of the "Sphere of Suffering." No true relief can be given without conscious, wearying effort.

It was for the unknown man of long ago to minister to Christ in the flesh as He hung upon the Cross. It is for us to minister to Him in His suffering members. There are many distressed souls and aching hearts as

well as tortured bodies to which it is our privilege to contribute what we are able. We must look to it that we bear the four marks which distinguish angels of pity. Those are the ablest ministers of mercy who are constantly and consciously beneficiaries of God's mercy. Having received, we reflect our gift. Human pity is the faint echo of the infinite pity of God which floods the heavens and whose overflow dispensed by Christlike men, is more than sufficient for the needs of earth.

Two suggestions of a practical nature may help us more worthily to fulfil our function as ministers of pity: 1. We must look nearest to ourselves for our chiefest opportunities for bringing pity to bear on life. 2. We must never despise the privilege of giving something even less than a cup of cold water—perhaps that of moistening fevered lips with thin, sour wine. No need is so small that it may be passed by. Neither may we ever say, "There is nothing to be done here. The need is beyond reach." There is always a reed and a sponge somewhere. Let us look until we have found them, fitted them together, and effaced the evil.

VII

THE STRONG YOUNG MAN^{*}

I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one. 1 John ii, 14.

THE glory of childhood is innocency, the glory of youth is strength, the glory of old age is sanctified experience. The life that prizes the earlier glories moves naturally into the last and highest. The writer of the words which I have quoted was a man of this sort. Though aged, measured by years, he was perpetually young in that he carried into his last days the best contained in the days that preceded. The simplicity of a child and the eagerness of young manhood were still his when he had grown old. I have never seen a picture of S. John representing him as an old man. When in another writing he wished to depict ideal manhood he described it well. "His head and hairs," he said of the One he described, "were white like wool, as white as snow; his eyes as a flame of fire,"—that is to say the

^{*} Preached at the Union Service Association Gymnasium, Manila, Sunday, October 24, 1909.

representative man combined the experience of an unsullied life, with the accumulated fiery penetration of keen-eyed youth; his future was as rich as his past.

Innocency, vigor, and the maturity of a life that had been grandly lived were the characteristics of S. John. For this reason when he speaks, the attention of the young man is arrested. He presents neither the gall of cynicism nor the crumbled hopes of senile decay—on the contrary he proclaims a message which only the receptivity, the strength, and the adventuresomeness of youth is able to bear. Who like the young man can respond to the challenge to live as a son of God, to clothe himself with righteousness as with a garment, and to lay down his life for his brethren as a simple duty?

This is the time and occasion to consider manhood glorying in its strength. The sole justification of the fine building which shelters us is to foster strength in manhood, and then to inspire the strong young man to honor his strength by spending it how and where it will best tell.

When we young men covet strength, we covet our due. The inheritance is ours; let us rise and enter into it. If anything be lacking in the end, let not the fault be ours. A young man without strength is like clouds without water, coals without fire, flowers without beauty.

Human strength is of a threefold character—physical, mental, spiritual. Each aspect of strength is more or less dependent upon and sensitive to the condition of the other two. A sound mind asks for a sound body as the normal medium of expression; and mind and body at their best form a feeble alliance unless a noble spirit animates both. Character, though it towers so as to be the most independent part of man, finds in a sound mind and able body its best instrument for action.

The development of body alone creates brute strength, and when all is done leaves man a little lower than a lion. The cultivation of mind alone issues in rhetoric, logic, and skill, and when intellect has ascended its solitary throne, man is a little less accurate than a phonograph or a printing-press. The exclusive care of the spirit, as far as such a thing is possible, creates impractical idealism, and its owner becomes a little inferior to a ghost—though it should be added that the spirit is so towering as to triumph over limitations of body and mind and to use them to its advantage.

Tripartite being means tripartite strength, carefully fostered, wisely adjusted, perfectly unified. The body is to be developed as an instrument of the mind and a shrine for the soul; and until the mind is the servant of the spirit with its normal endowments and directive motives, it is like a ship without a helmsman.

In order to have our subject clearly before us, let us sketch a picture of the strong young man we would like to be. In the first place he has a body like that of a David—"my feet are like hart's feet and mine arms can break even a bow of steel." His muscular power makes him swift in motion, skilful in action, invincible in conflict. His limbs, ruddy and glowing with health, are more beautiful to look at than the statue by a Greek sculptor. Lines of culture mark his face. His general knowledge is broad and accurate. His mind is stored with well-assorted information and he is expert in at least one department of learning. He is at once keen and judicial, a pupil and a teacher, simple with the unlearned and profound with the scholar, humorous and grave. Added to and crowning his gifts of mind and body is a trained conscience. Shining from his eyes is that combination of trustworthiness and independence, self-respect and modesty, blamelessness and moral aspiration, friendliness and reserve, which are the choice endowments of the spirit through whose open door God enters into man and takes up His abode there. We set him down as a man of character, whose reputation is the reflection of interior beauty and virtue.

This then is our ideal. I am glad to think that it is not a fancy picture. I know just such men. When the growing generation matures there will be many more.

It is to further the young man's ambition to be strong, as I have described strength, that this Association building stands. Its equipment provides facilities for improving every part of human personality, and that is one reason why the Y. M. C. A. is a successful organization. It treats man as man.

We must not rest here. Admiration of the beautiful falls short of our whole duty. We must appropriate it, aiming at least to approximate the strength which we admire. I like S. Paul's phrase as commonly rendered—"Covet the best gifts." Covetousness is passion, insatiable until it has gained its purpose. In this sense covet strength.

You cannot fail to notice that the Association stands for some very definite things. It is not a medley, a confusion of good things flung toward the young man, a luxuriant profusion from which he may pick what strikes his fancy. It is a carefully selected choice of that which experience has shown to be of highest value. There are marks of discipline everywhere. Out of good things the best are chosen and those who join the institution must limit themselves to them.

This illustrates admirably the way to get strength. It is to be had only by *resolved limitation*. By deliberate act of choice we must set our own boundaries. Every selection involves rejection. Though superficially con-

sidered the growing man seems to give up more than he accepts, it is not so. He builds a fence behind him which shuts out the infertile desert, but before him lies the boundless plain with no end but the horizon, where earth melts into heaven, and to-day joins hands with to-morrow.

It is fatally easy to accept everything attractive that comes our way in the shape of possessions and opportunities. But if we do it we listen to the call of the wild and revert to civilized savagery, accepting the lower after knowing the higher. The difference between cultivation and wildness consists in selection and limitation as distinguished from profusion and confusion. When pleasant things offer themselves to the young man he must question them and ascertain whether or not they will contribute to his strength. He ought to suspect profusion. A full life must be well ordered; it is never crowded. Mere profusion is luxury than which no firmer fetters for a young man's strength can be forged. Luxury is unassorted, unused, and frequently unusable, wealth.

Limitation in one direction means enlargement in another. By pruning the branches or nipping the buds, both of them not only valuable but necessary parts of the tree, we enrich the fruits. Similarly by pruning away superfluous pleasure and superfluous wealth we

accumulate time and freedom and strength to expend on intellectual pursuits or spiritual profit for ourselves and others.

Sometimes our limitations are chosen for us, though before they can profit us, by a triumph of appropriation we must make them our own as though they were our free choice. A man like the Scotch preacher Matheson is afflicted with blindness. His limitation proves a stimulus rather than a hindrance to the operation of his brilliant mind. All the strength that belonged to his eyesight, or, to coin a word, outsight, seemed to run into his insight.

Lincoln was the product of adversity and straightened environment. It served to develop his body, to quicken his mind, and to simplify his character. The product of storm, he became the master of storm.

The danger which threatens most of us comes not from too little but from too much. We shall reach our best by greater discipline rather than by increased indulgence. We allow ourselves, perhaps, to think too much of what we call the deprivations and inconveniences of our condition in life. What right have we young men to demand that we have butter on our bread seven days in the week? The ability to endure and even enjoy hardness without self-pity or self-applause in circumstances where ease may be had for the asking is the sign of a master character.

True manhood has too much self-reverence to lounge through life. What is to be said of the young man who abuses the elective system and insults his mental endowment by choosing the easiest courses at college because they will call for least effort? It is he who in after life seeks for a position in which he renders a minimum service in return for a maximum salary and thinks himself ill paid.

Strength is not given us for self gratification but for use in service. Service ought always to be superior to salary. Master workers can never be adequately paid for their labor. Their service is priceless, and in that respect is like God's wine and milk that can be bought only without money and without price. The world does not contain enough wealth to pay for what one good man has done. We cannot associate the thought of payment with a great service without feeling that we have been guilty of an irreverence. What salary could pay a Shakespeare or a Lincoln for the product of his life? What would be a fair remuneration for the work that Jesus Christ wrought, or S. Paul? Such a proposition is unthinkable. We shrink from it. The kind of labor that the world stands in need of is that which society, not the worker, recognizes to be beyond price. Every strong young man may give it.

There are a few things where resolved limitation is

necessary, of which it seems worth while to speak in concrete terms,—the use of legitimate indulgences, the use of intoxicating liquor, the use of money.

It is unworthy of manhood and crippling to liberty to allow our preferences, indulgences, or pleasures to dictate terms to us. Something is wrong when a young man finds himself able to do his work only if his physical environment is just so. Youth ought to be superior to conditions if not wholly independent of them. Old-maidishness is not becoming in a young man. I am not interested in taking out a brief against smoking, but I raise the question whether the indulgence does not interfere with the sort of freedom every man should prize the moment that it dictates terms to him and says, “you cannot do your work buoyantly and comfortably unless you have a cigar at such and such times.” Again, with reference to recreation, is not a man losing perspective who allows his diversions to assume the importance of a vocation in his thoughts and practice? The God-given faculty of play is too sacred to be slighted or frowned out of view by beetle-browed disciplinarians, but it is also too valuable to be changed from a recuperative joy to an exhausting profession.

This is not the occasion in which to go deeply into the question of the use of intoxicants. All I would say is, that if you believe in their use as a beverage, make it

a disciplined use. Never drink in the mornings, refuse to drink simply because a friend asks you, do not insult your digestion by the preprandial cocktail habit,—in short have some definite rule and abide by it; otherwise you are in a fair way to become what no man ever planned to be but which many become—a drunkard. What would you think of a man who had no rule regarding meals but who ate what and how and when his whim suggested? He would doubtless be a big fool though no bigger than the careless drinker. For the majority of us whose most serious task is to keep the body under lest it run riot in animality, there is a grave element of danger in pouring alcoholic fuel upon the fires of youth which already are burning with full flame.

The disciplined use of money is a vexatious matter for generous-hearted men—and our nation is full of them. But in no department of life is greater discretion needed. Money is a symbol of labor wrought in the sweat of the human brow. It is too sacred to use as a toy. For this reason do not gamble. I have ceased to be interested in trying to find out why gambling is immoral, but I know it is always coarsening to and frequently destructive of character. That, however, is not the thought which I have in mind. We are considering how we may conserve strength in our relation to money. Are the winnings of a poker game or of bridge whist an asset?

Do you attach value to them? Would you feel you were honoring God by giving them to Him in the Sunday offertory? Would you dare purchase a gift for your betrothed with them, and if so, what sort of a wife is she going to make if she accepts, and attaches value to, a token of love which has cost you nothing?

These specific instances of resolved limitation are only such as would naturally occur to the mind of one who has as his purpose in life to make of himself the strongest man possible, and to use his strength, when acquired, for the highest ends conceivable. The world holds no thoughtful young man who has not entertained such an ambition. It may have struck across his imagination unencouraged, soon dismissed, as a fitful shaft of sunlight on a cloudy day, or it may have come to him as a bride to her lover's arms, sought for, longed for and to be nurtured while life lasts. In any event high aspiration is youth's heritage for it is the vision which necessarily accompanies the endowment of strength, and happy is the man who surrenders himself to it blithely and trustfully.

Need I point out that discipline in meats and drinks, in pleasures and emotions, promotes a sound body? Any football player can tell you that. Let us accept it as proven and go a step further. The search for soundness of body, which is unevenly but earnestly pur-

sued in our day, throws on those who succeed in the quest an enormous and uncompromising responsibility. Physical strength runs riot unless mind and character keep pace with it. The greater the body's gifts, the man's physique or the woman's beauty, the more royal must mind and character become, lest the fate of the human animal be to fall a little short of a lion in strength—or a tigress in beauty.

The mind in our day has opportunities unnumbered. Study begun in childhood should last while the mind lasts. Study is mind-discipline, and the true end of education is to create an automatic habit of study. Do not, then, waste your mind on a diet of newspapers, magazines, and novels. If you do you will exhibit a mind not dissimilar from many modern drawing-rooms, filled with a confusion of all sorts of things bearing no relation to one another, the whole as contradictory of art as of restfulness and order. A study of fact is necessary to a tidy mind; a study of the imaginative is necessary to a beautiful mind. Always keep going a volume of history or biography; and by its side lay the great poets. Under this discipline the mind gains in accuracy and vision. As a man reads, so will he think. Oh for an army of accurate men who have vision!

Now I hasten to a survey of the strengthening of the spiritual side of man where rests his fate as a character.

Here, too, the inexorable law of limitation stands guarding the gate making the way narrow and straight. The moral law allows of no trifling. Its terms are explicit and in its broad outlines distinguishable to the least discerning. We must utter our everlasting yea to all that is good, our everlasting nay to all that is bad. We must give particular heed to that side of our character that is most rebellious. Resolved limitation here must be rigorous and renewed. Not that in this firm and reiterated resolution alone is to be found victory. It would be futile were it not that above man's poor best towers God's perfection working for and in us both by direct touch and through the law of human fellowship.

You who covet strength of character, remember that there is no substitute for the Church of God, which is the representative fellowship at once human and divine. I do not say that you cannot get any of God's gifts save through the Church, but I do say that there are priceless gifts that come through organized Christianity which are to be had through no other channel. Even the religious side of the Y. M. C. A. is no substitute for the Church and the Church's worship. If you say, "the Bible class of the Association is enough for me," you are aiding the Association to tell a lie, for its solemn assertion is that it is an adjunct of all the Churches, a rival to none. Were it a question, which it is not likely

to be, of choosing between the religious opportunities of the Association and those of the Church your duty would be to the latter. The choice would be, as it were, between nurse and mother.

I have kept the greatest to the last. As there can be no substitute for the Church neither can there be a substitute for personal fellowship with the Church's Head, the strong young man Jesus Christ, our Lord. Sentimentality has sometimes tended to blur the incomparable virility of Jesus, touching His character with an effeminacy that is foreign to Him. Look at Him in the splendor of His human body, with a mind that has never had a rival, at whose sayings the wisdom of the ages has kindled, whose character, even in its untranslated, antique setting has power to make young men, forgetting all but the single thought that He calls them, fling their lives at His feet with the abandon of a lover offering himself to a bride. He is still the Strong Young Man, with eyes like a flame of fire, called away from earth in the perfection of His youthful strength that youth might be forever enthroned in Heaven; and yet His hair is as white as snow, for He carries in His bosom the experience of the human race, so that whosoever goes to Him goes with the confidence that He understands. It is He who calls young men to build up their strength and to conserve it under the benediction

of His laws. It is He who challenges them to use it with boldness against the wickedness of our day in behalf of the weak and oppressed according to the bidding of His will. The fate of the world depends from generation to generation on the strong young man glorying in his strength.

VIII

A PLEA FOR FAIRNESS¹

O God, Who didst plan the Gospel for an undivided Church, refuse not, because of the misunderstandings of its message which rend the unity of Christendom, to continue Thy saving work in the broken order of our making. Prosper the labors of all Churches bearing the Name of Christ and striving to further righteousness and faith in Him. Help us to place the truth above our conception of it, and joyfully to recognize the presence of Thy Holy Spirit wherever He may choose to dwell among men. Teach us wherein we are sectarian in our contentions, and give us grace humbly to confess our fault to those whom in past days our Communion has driven from its fellowship by ecclesiastical tyranny, spiritual barrenness, or moral inefficiency, that we may become worthy and competent to bind up in the Church the wounds of which we are guilty, and so to hasten the day when there will be one flock under one Shepherd, Jesus Christ our Lord.

I WOULD make a plea to-night for fairness in all relations of life, especially in the sphere of religion. I prefer not to take a text, but rather to point to the Incarnation as a justification of what I say. It is God's fairness to man that demands responsive fairness on the

¹ Preached at Westminster Abbey on the Eighth Sunday after Trinity, 17th July, 1910.

part of man to God and of man to man. God, having called into existence a world in which misery and sin, from whatever cause, find place, could not, in fairness to Himself or mankind, do otherwise than become the Son of Man among the sons of men that the sons of men might become the sons of God, both in name and in deed. Fairness is an aspect of love—God coming into weakness to make it strong, dying for His enemies to make them His friends; this He must do or deny His nature.

It is strange that it is conspicuously in the sphere of religion, particularly a religion with such a foundation as Christianity, that unfairness should flourish. Bigotry and fanaticism, enthusiasm run riot, are mainly ecclesiastical sins. In no other department of life is prejudice more accentuated or loyalty more belligerent than within the boundaries of Christendom. Unfairness it was that stood on the threshold of Christianity when it was born, erecting a barrier to prevent the progress of Jesus Christ into the hearts of men, and shaping the cross on which He was to die. Because of corrupt tradition which formed the canon of judgment, at the very moment when He was aiding the needy and stretching out a hand of mercy to heal afflicted humanity, He was unfairly judged by those over whom He would have poured showers of blessing. The offence drew from Him

the searching remonstrance—"Judge not according to appearance, but judge righteous judgment." Time would fail me to give even a brief epitome of the history of unfairness in the life of the Christian Church from its beginning until this very day. One single fact is illustrative—whatever fault there may have been among those who have been termed heretics, the Church was not infrequently unfair in her treatment of them. One of our most trusted and careful writers in theology says: "Much that we call heresy was only in its origin experimental thinking, which was sure to be tried sooner or later, and which did not imply moral obliquity in those who had recourse to it."¹

It is distasteful to spend time upon the consideration of unfairness, but it is necessary. It is not intentional unfairness, however, that I have in mind. There is only one way to deal with that wherever it appears,—to smite it with a sword of flame. Unintentional unfairness is quite another matter. We may be guilty of it, though blind to the fact, so subtle a sin is it. We may even look upon it as a virtue, and give it shelter under the noble name of loyalty. It is probably due to the overrating of our individual powers of perception, and at the same time to the underrating of the powers of perception in others. There is always more in the various manifesta-

¹ *Christologies Ancient and Modern*, by William Sanday, D.D., p. 22.

tions of life than any one man or any one group can perceive. That which we see is not the object under scrutiny, but the object as it appears to us. It is our subjective estimate of the object or that for which the object stands. Behind all is God's idea with its infinite depth. None but a man with perfectly developed powers, who has viewed his object at every angle, as well as from above and below, can be wholly fair—and where is such a man? The individual is complete only as a part of the social whole. When all have seen, the composite result may approximate righteous judgment.

I have already said that fairness is a phase of love. It is love in the act of measuring persons and things. Therefore fairness suffereth long, and is kind; fairness envieth not; fairness vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh no account of evil, rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth. Fairness is one of the highest gifts of God's Spirit, that "right judgment in all things" which we covet and pray for. We admire it in others as the crowning gift of a strong character and wish that we too were able—

*To deliver true judgment aright at the instant, unaided,
In the strict, level, ultimate phrase.*

Perhaps never before in the course of Christian history

has fairness been more essential. Without it there can never be unity, strive for it as we may. Both in society and in the Church disintegrating forces are busily at work. No section of the Church can act alone as the conserving force of society. No one part of Christendom can stand without tottering unless with the support of the rest. Comprehension without compromise will be the result of universal fairness throughout Christendom.

There are certain features of fairness which are indispensable. Let us consider them, first, in relation to those who are not like-minded with us, against whom we have prejudice, from whom we are separated by a gulf of misunderstanding and ignorance. Obviously there is neither merit nor difficulty in being fair to those who think as we do, whom we like, and who are friendly toward us. To be appreciative of the goodness and strength of those we love is the instinctive act of our nature. It is otherwise when those concerned are perhaps our antipathy. Appreciation is, however, none the less our duty. Fairness is the soul of the Golden Rule. Your attitude to others must be what it is to yourselves. I do not think I misjudge you when I say that your attitude to self is distinctly appreciative. You have self-respect, a very necessary element in manhood. You find something in yourself which is worthy of respect at the hands of God and man, and you respect

yourself for it. You see your strength first—your ideal at any rate—and your weakness after. Very well. Do the same thing exactly for those who are farthest removed from you in sympathy.

Study Churches and movements in a Church for the sake of discovering strength first. The weaknesses will declare themselves readily, especially if the Church or school of thought under consideration is other than your own. The king of modern science, whose ashes rest in this noble edifice, valued the strength of those who disagreed with him at such high worth that "when a difficulty or an objection occurred to him he thought it of paramount importance to make a note of it instantly, because he found hostile facts to be especially evanescent." No one can realize his own strength until he has measured with accurate care the strength of the strongest. He damages gravely his own cause if he depreciates the strength of others. The man who is thus unfair to others is most of all unfair to himself. Why should it be deemed impossible for an ecclesiastical Bryce to arise in the Anglican Communion and write an appreciative history of Methodism, bringing out its power and achievements, and reserving such criticism as there might be for the last paragraph? Or for an ecclesiastical Lowell to appear in the great Roman Catholic Church, and write an appreciation of the

Anglican Communion, its polity and piety? Such things will some day come to pass.

Once again, it is of the essence of fairness to avoid controversy except as a last resort. It would be unbalanced for me to advocate the cessation of controversy for all time; but it would do Christianity a world of good if wrangling voices could be hushed for a season. The writer whom I have already quoted claims that we are apt to need the stimulus of controversy. Something worth having is struck out of it. "Controversy is as a rule our chief way of securing thoroughness of treatment."¹ All that may be true, and yet I am not satisfied, as I view the harm that has come to the masses from brawling ecclesiastical pens. Do not set me down as one who believes or advocates peace at all costs. Such an one is an invertebrate—less than a man. Sometimes we must fight and, when we do, it should be with well-tempered weapons, and we should strike to win. But, after all, controversy is in religion what war is in the clash of nations. In religion our conflict ought not to be to rout our opponents, but to win them. Controversy for the most part deepens the existing convictions on both sides and is apt to prove a bar rather than an aid to better understanding. At least there is a better way than controversy. Of two good things let us choose the

¹ *Christologies Ancient and Modern*, p. 74.

better, and when opportunity comes let the better give way to the best. From science we can learn many things useful to religion, among others accuracy, but perhaps most of all the power of cumulative affirmation. Darwin in this way reared the fabric of thought which has conquered the world. In his voluminous writings hardly a controversial paragraph is to be found. Some of his followers dipped their pen into the gall of controversy, but it was Darwin and not Huxley who was the master-builder.

I recognize that I am advocating a course which only the strong can pursue. Those whose most vigorous convictions do not rise above unproductive opinion cannot go whither I point. But the strong man and the strong Church, such as ours is, must go or lose their strength. The one safe place for strength is in peril, swinging between risk and opportunity.

Another feature of fairness is its care of perspective. Truth consists in perspective not less than in substance. And the city of God, in which we dwell, is rich in treasures great and small. The city itself is of pure gold—its value is priceless—its walls are of jasper, and its foundations are adorned with all manner of precious stones. We may not rearrange its order, or confuse its adornments with its foundations. In religion great

things should be kept in great places, and small things in small places.

To illustrate what I mean, we of the Anglican Communion expend an enormous amount of valuable vitality on trifles. Take, for instance, the ritual question. To one coming, as I do, from the vast Orient, where great questions compel our whole attention, questions which threaten our very existence, the matter of ritual seems a very subsidiary affair. There are two classes of people in the world, those who gesticulate and those who do not. It is largely a matter of temperament—those who gesticulate are the ritualists, those who do not are the non-ritualists. The subject is unworthy of much attention.

Fairness recognizes that the City of God is a city of magnificent distances. Its height and length and breadth are the same—beyond the measurement of man; in it are great extremes, not contradictory, but complementary. He who lives at one extreme reaches his largest liberty when he can visit the opposite extreme without losing his way. If, however, he goes only with abuse on his lips and missiles in his hands, in God's name let him keep to his own corner of the city. It is not safe for himself or others to walk abroad. The beauty and proportion of the city is spoiled when you narrow its boundaries. It is of the essence of unfairness

to read out of the city a fellow-citizen because he lives in a distant street with which you are not acquainted.

It goes without saying that the grandest thing possible is to keep free of unfairness altogether. But the next best thing, when we have failed, is to cultivate the art of apology. If a mother is unfair to her child, it is as incumbent upon her to apologize as though a senior had been wronged. Even when we have been unfair to the unfair an apology is due from us to them. Shall we not some day have an ecclesiastical Trevelyan who will write as an Anglican the story of how and to what extent the Mother Church in England is responsible for Dissent, and make apology in such terms as the whole Church will approve and adopt? There can be no hope of reunion with Rome, because of inexorable law, until the Papal See lays aside her garb of arrogance and apologizes to the rest of Christendom for her long history of unfairness, which has made her the provoker and maintainer of schism. When that happy day dawns, the end of our splintered Christendom will be in sight.

In the consideration of the treasures of others we may not forget to appreciate our own. In our Anglican Communion we are happy in having a clergy who develop in their own lives and those of their people the domestic type of virtue of which England is justly proud. We

must be fair to them, providing them with the support that is due. Dependent upon the Abbey are a number of benefices, for the most part in the country. I would bespeak your liberality, then, for the Poorer Abbey Benefices in to-night's offertory. Especially would I appeal to my own countrymen in this congregation, whose liberality I know well.

It is possible that some of us have allowed the consciousness of our privileges to grow dim. Our Church probably through our own fault, may seem inferior to another, and we wonder whether or not we might not do better there rather than here. Let me answer in an allegory. The little boy was often weary, for he shared the poverty and toil of the farm. But at sunset he found pleasure in sitting on the brow of the hill and looking far across the valley at a palace all ablaze with glory—it was surely a palace, for its windows were golden and jewelled. One day he took a journey to the palace, and when he reached it, alas! it was only a common farmhouse like his own with windows of glass. But there were warm hearts within which made it a palace. A little playmate gave him a happy day, and he told her how he had expected to find there jewelled and golden windows. "Ah!" she said, "wait till sunset and I can show you a palace across the valley which has them." When evening drew near she pointed to a dis-

tant house wrapped in the splendor of the sunset. "Why," he exclaimed, "that is my home." When he reached his father's house after his excursion his parents asked him what he had learned. "I have learned," he said, "that I live in a palace with jewelled and golden windows."

I dare not close without asking you to be fair to Jesus Christ even as He is fair to you. He gave you His best. Do you give Him your best, especially you who are young with the freshness of life still all your own—

*Our best is poor, nor meets Thy test,
Still it must be our very best.*

It may be that you have been disturbed in your estimate of Jesus Christ by modern thought. Even so is He not still worthy of your very best? Is there another who is even approximately a substitute for Him? "To whom shall we go if not to Thee, O Lord? Thou only hast the words of eternal life." An American poet, whose lips were a while since hushed in death, once sang:

*If Jesus Christ is a Man
And only a Man—I say
Of all mankind I cleave to Him,
And will cleave to Him always.*

*If Jesus Christ is a God
And the only God—I swear
I will follow Him through heaven and hell,
The earth and the sea and the air.*

Those who accept Him as their leader as far as they honestly can will one day catch fire with the Divine enthusiasm which will enable them to know Him as He is and constrain them to exclaim: "My only passion is He, even He."

IX

IT BEHOOVES MAN TO SUFFER¹

Behoved it not the Christ to suffer these things, and to enter into His glory? Luke xxiv, 26.

THERE is a law as deep as God that glory or ultimate success can be reached only through suffering. Suffering and glory belong to the same context. However inexplicable the mystery may be, human life in order to progress must have suffering or suffering's equivalent. By suffering's equivalent I mean some form of sustained discipline, voluntary or imposed. The world's work has always been done by men who have suffered pains or taken pains. The greatest servant, by virtue of this inexorable law, must be the greatest sufferer—"a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." Therefore, it not only behoved the Christ to suffer, but to suffer to the uttermost. His career was, among other things, a vivid illustration of a law as old as creation.

¹ Preached in S. Margaret's, Westminster, on the Ninth Sunday after Trinity, July 24, 1910.

Yet we are so constituted, that seldom is a man plunged into suffering that he is not surprised, even when his own fault is at the bottom of his misery, or that he is not tempted to resent it as an outrage on his liberty. Or, it may be, that while admitting as a general theory a fitness in suffering, he deems the particular form which is his lot to be ill-suited to his case. Probably the best form of suffering is that which happens to us by the allotment of fate, or as the result of our loyalty to our vocation.

It would appear to me, however, that no amount of reasoning will ever wholly reconcile the human mind to suffering, whether one views it as a corrective of our inherent defects or a ladder on which one mounts to glory, unless we believe our God to be a co-sufferer with us. A suffering creation pre-supposes a suffering Creator. God suffers both in and with us. The Incarnation is an unveiling of God's permanent temper toward mankind. It is the complete manifestation of God's fellow-feeling, not its beginning. Pain entered into the heart of God simultaneously with the conception of creation as we know it; a creation groaning and travailing, disordered and suffering. Nor will God cease to suffer until the last pang of the last man has throbbed itself out into joy.

Furthermore, God not only suffers, but also suffers

to the limit of His capacity, to a Divine degree. So it is that, when we have our share of pain, the sympathy of God, which comes to us, rises into our lives from beneath. He knows our pain because of having experienced it in a deeper degree, and out of His experience His sympathy rises as a rock to meet and sustain our sinking feet.

In our Lord's sufferings upon earth a new element was added, so to speak, to the Divine suffering. God introduced into His life the whole experience of man as an integral part of His being. Henceforth, He suffers not merely as God but also as man.

The physical sufferings of our Lord, great though they were, were His least sufferings. His deepest pain was within. I have seen the argument used that His physical suffering was more acute than we can measure, because of the refinement of His nature. Perhaps so. On the other hand we must remember that He was inured to hardship, and that the body which went up to the cross was that of One who had lived a rugged life, toughened by manual labor, made robust by contact with Nature. He chose a life of health-promoting poverty, not because it was uncomfortable, but because it gave Him freedom. The manual toil in the carpenter's shop through the major part of His life, and the active, out-of-door existence which marked His

public ministry, prepared Him for the few hours of acute suffering that closed His mortal history. Many men have had greater and more extended physical suffering than Christ.

*Foxes found rest and the birds had their nest
In the shade of the forest tree;
Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
In the desert of Galilee.*

I love to think of our Lord with a splendid body that ignored comfort because of its manly vigor. His physical suffering, then, was that of a true man, whose nerves were not feminine through nice living.

Amongst us there is a marked decay of virile hardness. Comfort is to be had for the stretching out of the hand, and we shrink from inconveniences. Our love for our children is dangerously indulgent. It is much easier to map out and follow a course of discipline for ourselves than for those we love. Consequently, the sons of the rich are in peril. They are given in the home free entry into joy, and are sheltered from—I shall not say physical endurance but physical inconvenience. Now, youth has no right to ask for butter on its bread seven days in the week. Boys should not be encouraged to suppose that they are to accept every good or pleasant thing that comes their way. Duty and discipline are permanent and indispensable features of life, duty and discipline

that make demands upon the body. The inevitable pains of life cannot be borne unless we have prepared ourselves for them by voluntary discipline. It is encouraging to find men awakening to this fact. One man of prominence,¹ at least, is pressing the truth home by a wisely written literature which he is spreading far and near through your country. Again the idea behind the "Boy Scouts" of England and the "Play Soldiers" in Russia is admirable. Whatever added loyalty and power of defence in case of war such a movement may develop, it is making for manly strength and physical endurance in our youth. Professor William James has advocated the fundamental thought in an article recently written which he calls a "Moral Equivalent of War." His suggestion is that there should be conscription not for service in the Army and Navy, but for the construction or production of that which is of value to the public. "So far," he says, "war has been the only force that can discipline a whole community, and until an equivalent discipline is organized, I believe that war must have its way. . . . The martial type of character can be bred without war." If "there were, instead of military conscription, a conscription of the whole youthful population to form for a certain number of years a part of the army enlisted against Nature,"

¹ The Earl of Meath.

the present social inequality would be evened out. "To coal and iron mines, to freight trains, to fishing fleets in December, to dish washing, clothes washing, and window washing; to road building and tunnel making, to foundries and stokeholes, and to the frames of sky-scrapers, would our gilded youth be drafted off, according to their choice, to get the childishness knocked out of them, and to come back into society with healthier sympathies and soberer ideas." "I have no serious doubt," he continues, "that the ordinary prides and shames of social man, once developed to a certain intensity, are capable of organizing such a moral equivalent as I have sketched, or some other just as effective for preserving manliness of type." What is called manly sport, wholesome as it is, cannot produce it. The play spirit is God-given and wholesome, provided it is protected from the blight, in drawing-room or athletic field, of betting and gambling. But at best it is health-giving fun. Nothing more. Something of a serious cast with a patriotic or religious motive behind it will alone suffice to produce a high type of robustness.

But I desire, particularly, to draw your attention to the deep suffering of mind and soul which our Lord underwent, and which we, too, according to our capacity must undergo if we are true to our calling, and aim to make a worthy contribution to a worthy cause. I

think I am not wrong in maintaining that human life knows no worse suffering, excepting only moral degradation and the ensuing recognition of it, than is caused by the failure of those we love, and for whom we labor, to accept the things which belong to their peace, and by their rejection of us and our service. This is what our Lord experienced, and is something with which we ourselves must reckon. The pathos of His words as He wept over Jerusalem—"If thou hadst known in this day, even thou, the things which belong unto peace! But now they are hid from thine eyes"—is unparalleled, and reveals a depth of inner pain that is infinite. He was left alone, and yet He was not alone for He was in the arms of His ideal. His people, upon whom He had pressed it, had flung it aside as worthless.

I shall not undertake to say that those for whom a leader is responsible will always fail to be won by his vision, but it is seldom that a man's deep convictions are estimated at their full worth by his own generation. They may even be rudely rejected; and never, I suppose, do men see the full glory of another's vision. Shortly after I was called upon to undertake my present task, at the conclusion of a service at which I had endeavored to disclose the duty and opportunity which was the Church's and mine, a lad came up to me with glistening

eyes and said: "Sir, you have made me see the things you see." To achieve such a triumph even once is the leader's richest joy. To fail in the effort is the leader's keenest grief. I was told years ago by one who now stands high in the honor of your nation, that he and his wife had been pelted through the streets by the very people whom they were striving to benefit, a not uncommon experience among the benefactors of the race. In the middle of the last century another of England's great men, an Empire builder, said after an illness: "Life, I thought, was gone, and I rejoiced in the hope that my death would do for Sarawak what my life had not been able to effect."¹ It would be easy to multiply illustrations, though impossible fully to measure the suffering which they represent.

There are three principles which belong in common to all who entertain serious views of life, and which, because they entail discipline and suffering, culminate sooner or later in victory. They are: (1) Loyalty to the ideal; (2) patience in pursuing it; (3) confidence in one's own ultimate judgment.

1. Our Lord never relinquished a stand which He once took. He made clear His position, and there was no retreat from it.

The populace are markedly susceptible to the firm-

¹ Quoted by St. John in his *Life of Rajah Brooke*.

ness of a man who acts and speaks from conviction, though quickly do they detect one whose motive is expediency. The persistence of a convinced man is one of the most potent instruments which a leader can wield. A leader, remember, has a higher function than to bring to a focus the desires and plans of his followers. He must walk at least a full stride in advance of their best aspirations. Having gained a certain degree of influence, he must not be too careful of his influence. We must neither needlessly do that which will threaten its continuance, nor worship it as an idol. He must sit as loosely to it as he sits firmly on the throne of his ideal. Popularity is not necessarily a means of influence. "Surely there is no passion which, when indulged, becomes so strong and vile as the love of popularity."¹ Love of popularity and desire to retain influence at all costs is very apt to result in a policy of weak compromise. There was no compromise in our Lord's life. It would appear to me that compromise, as we ordinarily understand it, is almost always weak and usually a failure. Two fairminded men or parties should never expect or seek compromise, but rather a union of the best and strongest elements in both positions where reconciliation is possible. But for a leader to compromise with his followers is a dangerous course at best. "To make a

¹ Pater.

deal" is not the truest way of insuring progress. Let me quote the admirable words of one of your great leaders. To abandon principle "for the sake of some seeming expediency of the hour is to sacrifice the greater good for the less on no more creditable ground than that the less is nearer. It is better to wait, and to defer the realization of our ideas until we can realize them fully, than to defraud the future by truncating them, if truncate them we must, in order to secure a partial triumph for them in the immediate present. It is better to bear the burden of impracticableness, than to stifle conviction and to pare away principle until it becomes mere hollowness and triviality."¹

2. The knowledge that when we have once pledged ourselves to a certain course retreat is dangerous, promotes carefulness. We may not advocate that which is premature. If our Lord moved without rest, He also moved without haste. He had patience. He knew how to wait. He refused to go up to Jerusalem before the time was ripe. It is truly said of one of the great figures of the Papacy, Hildebrand, that he "had the greatest mark of political genius—he knew how to wait till the full time had come."² There is nothing harder than to wait, espe-

¹ Lord Morley, *On Compromise*, p. 265.

² Creighton's, *History of the Papacy*, in loc.

cially when it is possible to achieve seeming success by action. Waiting means patience, and patience is but a Latin word for suffering.

3. Our ultimate judgment is final against every argument or seduction that may be brought to bear upon it. The pain and loneliness of such a position are a frequent part of a leader's life. But to yield to another's judgment in a matter in which we have final responsibility, when our own best judgment pronounces a contrary verdict, is fatal to ourselves and our cause. An eminent leader, one whom I revere above all living statesmen, has bravely recorded, in the history of his administrative work, an error of this sort, one of the few errors in a singularly chaste career. With a strong array of public opinion against him he mistrusted his own judgment. "I did not yield," he says, "because I hesitated to stand up against the storm of public opinion; I gave a reluctant assent, in reality against my own judgment and inclination, because I thought that as everybody differed from me I must be wrong. . . . In yielding, I made a mistake which I shall never cease to regret."¹ Self-respect reaches its summit in a proper regard for our own matured judgment when it has been once formed. Moments come in every man's life when he must firmly lay aside the counsels of his

¹ Cromer's *Modern Egypt*, vol. i, pp. 437, 438.

dearest and best in order that he may apply himself to his Father's business.

If I have seemed to set an impossible ideal for men who are responsible for the course others take, I would say that modern leaders, in their fear of being called tyrannical, have become too much the passive tool of the people, and the world of to-day needs that combination of firmness and considerateness, insight and common-sense, idealism and practicality, which is found only in the inmost citadel of suffering, and can be held only by those who are ready to risk all things.

Time remains only to indicate other features of our Lord's inner suffering, such, for instance, as His rejection by men. We feel aggrieved if a friend speaks slightly of us; He was stung to the quick of His loyal nature by the deliberate treachery of one of His most intimate comrades: "If an open enemy had done me this dishonor I could have borne it. But it was thou, my companion, my guide, mine own familiar friend." He was robbed of His reputation. The community, that is to say, withdrew from Him its respect, a violence second only to the abdication of self-respect. It is the regard of society which makes the individual complete. When this is withdrawn or a man's reputation is clouded, it means that society refuses to recognize, with or without cause, his value as a social being. It is true that a man

of character can afford to be robbed of his reputation, but he cannot be absolved from the pain of the experience.

The climax of the Christ's suffering was reached when He uttered the cry from the cross: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" There is much that is inexplicable in this dark moment, but is it not the parallel in His high sphere of that which happened to John the Baptist when he called from his dungeon: "Art Thou He that cometh or look we for another?" Did it not seem to Him, as it did to His forerunner, that His faithfully pursued ideal, His patience, His loyalty to the inner voice had effected nothing, that His vocation had not been blessed by God? Under the cloud of failure, the very failure, perhaps, which is a handbreadth from success, we, too, may find the question rising: Is my life one vast mistake; were my sacrifices judicious; is God with me? If we do, we shall be able to understand as never before the true meaning of suffering, and, if we conquer in it, the true meaning of faith.

There is but one more thought upon which to dwell at this time. In the Transfiguration our Lord discerned clearly and accepted the principle of gain through loss, victory through defeat, life through death, glory through suffering. But this was but a beginning; there was more for Him to do. He had to apply the principle to His own case, which He did in Gethsemane:

*Into the woods my Master went
 Clean forspent, forspent.
 Into the woods my Master came,
 Forspent with love and shame.
 But the olives they were not blind to Him,
 And the little gray leaves were kind to Him;
 The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
 When into the woods He came.*

*Out of the woods my Master went,
 And He was well content.
 Out of the woods my Master came
 Content with death and shame.
 When death and shame would woo Him last
 From under the trees they drew Him last;
 'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last,
 When out of the woods He came.*

I see going from this country and my own to the hard places in Church and State, to remote consular posts, to the Civil Service, to high office in India and Egypt, to lonely mission stations on island and continent—I see going thither the flower of our nations, yours and mine. They go with the natural eagerness and courage of youth, with the confidence of experience; aye, and, I trust, with the belief that God is with them. For they are going to glory, though it is glory by the route of suffering. They are quietly making as fine an offering of self as the martyrs of science who die from the cruel gaze of the X-ray, or from the pitiless plunge of an aeroplane. Many of them know clearly beforehand

what they must expect. At least, they have it as a theory. Let them take their several disciplines and accept them for themselves, that some day each may be:

*The catholic man, who hath mightily won
God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain,
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain.*

Have I seemed, in what I have said, to make life a mere shiver of pain? God forbid. It is glory, ultimate success, that is the goal. The world is a sphere of suffering and, until it is remade from base to summit, no one can deny that it will continue to be what it is. But the aim of fine manhood should be not to make life easy but to make it so strong that it can stand the utmost strain. Again, I say the end is not suffering but victory, though of a sort that can be achieved only through suffering. Nothing less is worthy of men who are sons of God. It behooves us to suffer that we may enter into our glory. The highest joy here and now is three parts pain.

*True calm doth quiver like the calmest star;
It is the white where all the colors are;
And for its very vestibule doth own
The tree of Jesus and the pyre of Joan.*

There are two kinds of joy: the joy of youth, which is as the joy of the harp, when the fingers of the master musician sweep its responsive strings till they vibrate

with eager music, quivering to the skies; and the joy of mature age, of purposeful manhood, which is as the joy of a jewel that flashes out its life set free by the hard blows of the hammer and the burning discipline of the polishing wheel. It is the last joy that is the greatest, for our destiny is glory, our route is suffering.

X

GOING UP TO JERUSALEM¹

Then Jesus took unto Him the twelve, and said unto them, Behold, we go up to Jerusalem, and all things that are written by the prophets concerning the Son of Man shall be accomplished. For He shall be delivered unto the Gentiles, and shall be mocked, and spitefully entreated, and spitted upon; and they shall scourge Him, and put Him to death; and the third day He shall rise again. Luke xviii, 31 ff.

THIS was not the first time that Jesus Christ had ✓
said, "Behold, we go up to Jerusalem." In his
boyhood, when he turned His face toward the holy city ✓
with gladness and joy, He said to His parents, "Behold,
at last we go up to Jerusalem. My dream is about to be
realized. The city of God which has been my ideal is at
last to dawn before my eyes." On that first occasion ✓
when Jesus Christ went up to Jerusalem, He went in
order that He might get inspiration. He had been
taught from his earliest youth of the greatness of the
holy city. It stood to Him as the symbol of a mighty
nation, and in its heart was the temple where God dwelt.
Boyish eyes, the eyes of children, are very pure, and

¹ Preached in Trinity Cathedral, Shanghai, on February 23, 1909.

they see things that are hidden from the eyes of all who have failed to protect their innocence. The eyes of children see things that very few eyes but those of children are capable of seeing. The child-like and the child have such penetration, such insight, that they can go beneath the surface of life and perceive the eternal foundation upon which all life, all manifestations of life are built; and so was it with Jesus Christ, the little lad. As He journeyed toward Jerusalem with His father and His mother, and with all the company that belonged to that group, He went with eager heart and with tripping feet. He was preparing for life, and every one who is preparing for life reaches out with both hands for inspiration. Life cannot be lived unless it is inspired, and life cannot be inspired by the effort of the individual alone. He has got to reach out beyond himself, above himself, and get that which he is capable of taking into his soul, but which won't come into his soul unless he aspires to it.

Then, having done this, he becomes inspired. If you would be inspired then, aspire. So it was with the lad. He went to Jerusalem to be inspired. He saw the holy city as the symbol of an imperishable nation. He knew the story of the past. He was full of patriotism, and his conception of the nation was that there was no people in the world comparable with it. It stood alone.

It was the hope of the rest of the world: and as for its Church, it too was the spiritual hope of mankind. Was he not versed in the prophets and did not the best of the prophets say that Israel was not a close corporation, that Israel was the great spiritual trustee for all mankind; and he expected to see in the temple and the priesthood evidences of mighty moral and spiritual power. How eagerly then, did the boy turn toward Jerusalem !

You say "Of course, children do not understand human life." Do not understand human life? No one understands human life like children. Children see human life as it ought to be and is capable of being. They look into the faces of father and mother, and in them they see symbols of God Himself. Say a word to a child against his father or mother and see the fire kindle within and flash from his eyes. Children do not understand it! Only the children and the child-like can enter into the great depths of life, which are called in the phraseology of Jesus Christ the Kingdom of Heaven. You can't even see the Kingdom of Heaven unless you look at it through a child's eyes. Jesus Christ the boy saw human life as it ought to be and as it was in Him, and as through Himself he purposed to make it for the rest of mankind. That was the first journey to Jerusalem.

And what a contrast with His last one, which is recorded by the same hand that tells the story of the first. His first journey to Jerusalem was in order that He might receive something. His last journey to Jerusalem was in order that He might give something. His first journey to Jerusalem was an inspiration: His last journey was a task. His first journey was a joy; his last journey was an agony. His first journey was free, free with the carelessness of the lad who is doing what he wants to do; and His last journey was free with the mighty liberty of the true Son of God who is capable of doing and doing bravely and cheerfully that which he does not want to do but which he knows he must do. Now as He journeys toward Jerusalem, He sees human life in all its bareness, with all its sores, in all its misery. As a lad He had not turned the pages, He had not read the whole volume; he had not seen how the promise of the blossom turned out. But twenty years have passed since then, and Jesus Christ lived every year of His life. He was not driftwood; He did not float with the current; He was not on the surface of things. He was deep down beneath, studying, seeing how things were in order that he might mend that which was amiss and encourage and develop that which was true. And as He journeys this last time up to Jerusalem, He knows every bit of life not because He is God merely—Jesus Christ knew life

because He lived it and lived it to the full. He knew it from beneath the surface. He knew it not because He studied from the outside, but because He experienced it from within. Jesus Christ revealed man's destiny by achieving it; and the only way to know life is to live it; and the only way to know Christianity is to be a Christian; and to be a Christian is to follow in the foot-steps of Jesus Christ.

He knew human life, seared, scarred, full of sores, and yet He continued to believe in it. Was it fatuous of Him to continue to believe in human life in spite of His experience, in spite of what his prophetic eye saw was still in store for Him? Is it fatuous for people whom we know in our own midst, to go on trusting, though from time to time they are disappointed? It is the tendency of youth to believe and to trust broadly. It is the tendency of maturer years to become cynical and to distrust; but if we are so foolish and so far astray as to become cynical, let us remember that we are not merely indulging a personal tendency which can affect none but ourselves—we are disturbing the pure soul of youth. Fathers and mothers, remember that what your temper is toward mankind will be discerned by your little ones. They cannot fail to see, and it will be impossible for you to hide from their eyes just what your attitude is. It seems to me that the function of the mature, the duty of us

who are seniors, is to stand as great mountains by youth to protect them against storms that they will meet soon enough; and if we have to present to them or, I should say, when we have to present to them, the seared side of life, let us always strike the note of hope and say that virtue lost is not lost forever. Virtue lost may be regained,—aye, must be regained—and when men do fail us, when we have trusted and there has not been a response, our attitude towards them is not to cast them off, but to trust and trust again. Have faith in your fellows and in the end your fellows will respond to your trust.

Jesus Christ goes up to Jerusalem to give and not to receive this time. His purpose is to serve and His precept has been that there is no service without suffering, and He is ready for the suffering. Not only is He going up at a great risk to Himself, but He is going up with a certainty that evil will befall Him. He could have saved Himself quite easily, but you know it is a law of life that when a man saves himself, it is impossible for him to save others. It was one of the taunts of the cross—"Thou hast saved others. Save Thyself and come down from the cross," but there was no response to them. The figure hanging on the cross was absorbed and occupied in saving others. He had not time to give thought to Himself. It is impossible, I repeat, for a man or for a

nation—it is impossible to save self and to serve others. The two things are mutually contradictory. Jesus Christ, had He chosen, could have gone away and hidden Himself in some obscure place until the fickle Jews had forgotten even who He was. He could have abandoned His own country. He could have changed His front toward great moral questions; but instead, He set His face toward Jerusalem. There are two ways in which we can speak of the close of the life of Jesus Christ: We can say that men put Him to death, or that He laid down His life. “He laid down His life” is the phrase that most truly expresses what happened, because He knew beforehand and counted the full cost of going to Jerusalem. He embraced that which was going to happen before it happened. He foresaw that He was going to be betrayed by an intimate friend. Have you had the experience at some time or another of one who was very dear to you not playing quite true? If you have, you know the keenness of the anguish of the experience. Christ knew He was going to be betrayed into the hands of evil men by one who had stood so close to Him as to have had the privilege of looking into his very heart. He further knew, because He talked to His companions about it, that He must suffer all kinds of indignity—that He must undergo that worst kind of contempt and scorn—that He must be spat upon.

Then He had to lose His reputation too. We count our reputation of high value and the law of the land takes care that a man's reputation may not be tampered with by those who dislike or hate him. It is one of the chief functions of the law to defend a man's character. A man has a right to his character, and society must see to it that he is defended in his rights. The least suspicion that rises against us and tends to tarnish our fair name, we resent, because we men are self-respecting beings. Self-respect in its highest form is born of two things: it is born of the knowledge that God respects us, because He sees what is inside our souls and characters; He respects us because, in spite of our failures, we have high ambitions. We aim to be all that man is capable of becoming, and so far as we have done wrong, we have undone it in intention, at any rate, and asked God to undo it as completely as divine power can undo the past. We respect ourselves then because we know our Maker respects us. Secondly we have self-respect because we know our fellows respect us, and we have that within us which justifies the measure of respect they bestow upon us; so that when reputation is threatened every fibre of a true man's being resents the imputation or attack. And Jesus Christ knew that He was going up to Jerusalem to lose His reputation; not merely to be robbed of a little bit of it; not merely

to undergo some scraps of petty criticism; but to be ranked amongst the lowest criminals, to be held up to the disdain of his own nation, and to suffer on what corresponded in that day to the gallows. That was what He had in His mind when He went up to Jerusalem.

And what was His manner as He set out on His journey? Of course, it was not the manner of the boy. When we are children we think and see and act as children, but when we are men we put away childish things. And yet I love to think of it, that all that was beautiful and strong in the boy Jesus Christ still remained in the man Jesus Christ; and every Christmas-time as the commemoration of the birth of the Saviour comes before us, I love to think of the fact that He who to-day is dwelling in the midst of the Godhead, the triumphant Saviour, is also the little baby and the little boy. He never lost any of the beautiful things that belong to babyhood and to boyhood. His progress was cumulative progress. Everything that He possessed at any one moment in His life, He possessed always. It has not been so with us, but it was with Him.

And so in one sense He went up to Jerusalem with some of the same spirit as when a boy. It was not now the joy of carelessness, but it was the joy of purpose, and of the two I am inclined to think that the joy of pur-

pose is bigger than the joy of freedom from all care. A man with a purpose is a man who has loaded himself with care, with responsibility, and he is putting his whole being into the effort to fulfil his responsibility and to carry out his purpose. There is joy in it, let me tell you; there is joy in it that nothing on earth, or in Heaven or in hell can rob a man of. Give a man a purpose bigger than himself and then you have made the man. A purpose is not something which we take into our arms, which we can analyze, which we can use at will. A purpose, if it is a worthy one, is something that holds us in its arms, and hurries us on with the force of the tempest and with the directness of the lightning; and Jesus Christ went up to Jerusalem with a purpose, that was not a selfish purpose either. He said to His disciples, "Let us go to Jerusalem." He knew they could not bear what He had to bear. But He was so generous that He invited them to go just as far as they were capable of going into His purpose. He gathered together three of His disciples that they might go with Him into the shadow of Gethsemane, and receive something of its great benefit, because great pain has something of benediction in it.

The purpose of Christ was not to introduce men to death but to life by way of death, himself leading the way. "Unless a corn of wheat fall into the ground and

die it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit.”—Death is not the end of Christian effort but life.

*No Soul that breathes this human breath
Has ever truly longed for death.
'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant:
'Tis life not death for which I pant
More life and fuller that we want.*

And Jesus Christ went up to Jerusalem to live. He foretold that after all indignities had been endured and death suffered, He would rise again. He was going to live by means of the cross. The cross was the agency to introduce Him into eternal life, and when on Easter morn He did rise from the dead and showed that He was its final conqueror, He was no more a conqueror than when He hung on the cross and defied death. The moment a man sacrifices life he begins to live the life of the resurrection.

Such an one then was Jesus Christ, Who went up to Jerusalem accompanied by His disciples. They were amazed as they saw Him—the new flash in His eye, the new dignity in His bearing—just as you have been amazed in seeing a widow, whom you expected to be bowed down by her bereavement; but to your astonishment she is not bowed down and broken. God has bent her straight, and she faces you with unbounded power. That is what happens to men and women who face

suffering and use it as an instrument designed to make, not to break them. Jesus Christ tells us what we should do. As He was so must we be.

*One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward;
Never doubted clouds would break;
Never dreamed though right were worsted wrong would triumph;
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake.*

Is that optimism? It is the right kind of optimism that faces the worst but believes in the best. And so Jesus Christ went up to Jerusalem.

Is all this for our admiration? If so, God has won His point. We admire it. Even my recountal, imperfect as it is, has thrilled you this morning. It is impossible for a preacher to speak of such things without knowing that even if his presentation be imperfect, their force is so great that they themselves will accomplish what his words cannot do. You can never think of the going up to Jerusalem of Jesus Christ without your best manhood and womanhood responding to it, just as the strings of the harp respond to the fingers of the musician. We admire. Is that all? No; your heart tells you you do more. You aspire. You want to be what Jesus was. You want to go to Jerusalem, just as He went up; and it is your duty to go to Jerusalem. The parallel in your life and mine—the parallel of Jerusalem—is our ideal, whatever it may be.

We go back to our childhood and we recall the days when the world was very fair, when the storm clouds only seemed to come in order that they might make beautiful the bright shining of the sun; and all the clouds that we did see were decked with rich color by the touch of the joy in which we lived. We began life, thinking it was all beautiful and that God was extremely good, especially to those of us who had large privileges in childhood and later life. God brings out first of all the beautiful side of the world. Science has by its minute analysis shown us there is another side of life, but the first thing God teaches us is that human life is beautiful.

*I slept and dreamed that life was beauty,
 I woke and found that life was duty.
 Was that dream then a shadow lie?
 Toil on, sad heart courageously,
 And thou shalt find thy dream to be
 A truth, and noonday light to thee.*

We began by thinking life was beauty, and then we began to run up against all those manifold disappointments of which it is so full. Happy are those of us who have survived the experience without being injured spiritually. Happy are we if, in spite of all, we have the true optimism which sees the romance in life. There are only two periods in life when we can see the romantic or beautiful side,—before it begins, when it is all vision

and prospect; and after it is done,—when in the illumination of retrospection we look back and review the past. Ask any soldier who has been in the thick of the battle, if he found any romance in it when the steel was flashing and the guns thundering. He will tell you no, but as you sit by the fireside and hear tales of the battles fought and won, you are thrilled by the romance of it all. And with Jesus Christ we thrill with the romance of it all, but during the time of the struggle Jesus Christ found life just as dull gray and unpleasant as you and I find it at this present moment, as we battle with the trials and difficulties with which we are confronted. But when the battle is over, if we have battled in the spirit of Jesus Christ, we find after all that life has been beautiful and romantic. The colors are different, the perspective is not the same, but the beauty is of a higher order.

The ideal is very clear before the child's eyes. We saw in our own nation and Church, all the beauties that inhere in national and spiritual and ecclesiastical life. We treasured those things and defended them against the attacks of those who, perhaps, were connected with other nations, or who lived in other religious communions. Ours was best; ours was the most beautiful. And all the time, as we treasured this belief, we were receiving inspiration from our nation and from our Church. Our Jerusalem was giving to us just what Christ's

Jerusalem gave to Him when he was a boy of Nazareth. That day has passed. We see the dreary actual. Our knowledge is of things as they are. How are we behaving toward our Jerusalem? Are we going up to it or have we turned our back upon it? Is our ideal still clear before us or beneath all the imperfections and sorrows, having seen the underside of life, have we become disgusted? Are we among the live fish that are deep down beneath the surface with their heads upstream, or are we among the dead fish that with the refuse of the stream are floating upon the surface to be engulfed in the great sea? What is our position? What are we doing with our Jerusalem?—our Jerusalem in the sense of the nation? our Jerusalem in the sense of our municipality and its civic life? Are we using it as the vintner uses the cluster of grapes in order that we may squeeze into our cup of pleasure all the sweet juice that it is capable of giving? Is that what we are doing with our nation, with our civic life? Or are we sitting in the seats of the scornful, saying, "I once thought my nation was a worthy nation. I once thought my city a beautiful city, but I have been disillusionized," with curled lip expressing disdain towards civilization and towards the city as we know it, never lifting a finger to make it better. Is that our attitude towards our Jerusalem? I trust not. The true way is this,—and you will see it is only common

justice, inasmuch as our Jerusalem gave us all the inspiration and manhood in our life,—that when we find Jerusalem, the inspirer of our youth, poor and naked and needy, it is our duty to go to her and minister to her in her need, to serve her loyally and affectionately. We have got to learn the majestic lesson of self-forgetfulness.

Just think; our civilization, English or American, or whatever it may be, made us what we are; gave us our manhood, equipped us intellectually; endowed us with the franchise; placed in our hands great moral precepts; filled us with that sense of fellowship in the nation which in itself is a privilege and a joy. Then how incumbent it is upon us that we should make some return to the nation! It seems to me the least thing we can give the nation is our life; that the least thing we can risk for the civic good is our reputation; and I maintain that history to-day is going to be repeated; that just as in the old days reformers almost always were mud-bespattered, and for a season at least lost their reputation; so will it be in our day for men who are living their lives in behalf of their community, without thought of gain or selfish benefit.

It is my happy privilege this morning to speak to many young men and young women. Young men, remember that you have got your strength for one purpose, that it should be used where it will count for

most. And young women, remember that God made you to be queens and not butterflies. God made you to dominate life at its core, and womanhood has but little conception (we men know it) of its power to make manhood noble. Believe that you have it, and then go out and fulfil your labor.

National and civic life is pleading for men to-day who will not save themselves, who will risk their reputation; and I venture to say that no man is safe unless he swings his life between a risk and an opportunity. You cannot reach the height of opportunity without cradling yourself in a risk. Stranger as I am, in one sense, in a city which from the moment of my arrival made me feel that I was not to count myself a stranger; stranger that I am in your city, I see its possibilities. It is the mixing bowl of the nations. It has an opportunity for international amity and action which is afforded very few cities in the world, if all its citizens labor together for the purposes of God. Every city should be a city of integrity, of purity, and of mutual service. What are you doing to make it so? Are you risking your life and your reputation? The opportunity is before you. Swing your life between the risk and the opportunity and you will be secure. Do not be afraid of losing your reputation. If you have a character you can afford to lose your reputation.

As I speak I recall that poem of Browning's—you remember it—*Home Thoughts*. I quote the pertinent line which can be translated to fit the individual conditions and the national character of each one present.

"Here and here did England help me; how can I help England?—Say."

And then as to church life. Here is another aspect of your Jerusalem. What is your attitude toward the Church that you loved and which inspired you as a boy? You were a chorister, perhaps, and sang God's praises in one of the beautiful temples of the old homeland. You loved and revered your Church, you believed in Christ with simple trust. Since then you have seen another side of the Church; you have seen the schisms that break its unity; the defects in its organization; the failures and sins of its clergy and leaders. But the Church inspired you. Your highest motives and your best self were the creation of the Church. The Church served you as a boy and tempered your character. How are you serving the Church as a man? By sitting outside of it and criticizing it? Criticize the clergy by all means, but remember we clergy are not the Church. You laity form the bulk of the Church. Criticize us by all means, for we clergy need the help of honest criticism, but why not criticize from within and not from without. Jesus Christ was the greatest critic the Church ever

saw, but He was in the Church all the time. He strove to help the Church as part of the Church, and what the Church needs to-day are honest men who are sitting outside the Church and criticizing it. We need those men, I say, inside the Church to criticize constructively. It is true and I know it, that the simple faith of the old days is gone. It is true that intellectual critics have taken away some of the more romantic aspects of Jesus Christ. It is true that intellectual logic seems at times almost to remove Christ from our midst altogether.

*Loud mockers in the roaring street
Say Christ is crucified again;
Twice pierced His gospel-bearing feet,
Twice broken His great heart in vain.
I hear, and to myself I smile,
For Christ talks with me all the while.*

It is true that simple faith is gone, but the Christ of experience is still among us and still in His Church. So I say, come into the Church, those who are standing outside, and find Him. Lend both your hands and the whole of your heart to serve the Church that in its early days inspired you.

Now all that I have been urging means moral courage, the kind of courage that characterized Jesus Christ as He went up to Jerusalem; and remember that Christ's moral courage combined with it physical courage. He

was not afraid of the loss of reputation or life. There is the example before us. There are men who have responded to that example, men who have lived in your midst too. This last week one has been laid to rest who faced the problems of a great city and who ministered most faithfully and loyally to the sailors and to the poor. He is now with his Lord. He has entered the heavenly Jerusalem.

But years ago there was one in your midst who had marvellous moral courage and marvellous physical courage. I cannot mention in this presence the name of "Chinese" Gordon without stirring your emotions,—Gordon, the man who in his last days was sent up to a painful Jerusalem indeed. He saw in the Soudan and Egypt possibilities of service which claimed him. He wished to make his contribution to that progress of civilization that would sweep away the last remnant of slavery. So he went to Khartoum. You recall his last days. How splendid they were! You recall how, when the people of the city began to lose all heart he sent this message: "Go, tell all the people of Khartoum that Gordon fears nothing. God made him without fear." And then a few days later as he stood at the door of his office and saw the howling mob coming, his splendid courage made its last exhibition before the eyes of mankind. He was a perfect Sir Galahad as he stood there in

his white uniform; his careworn face, and his hair silvered with the anxiety and responsibility that a negligent Government had allowed him to carry unaided. We know the faults of Gordon. The hand that most clearly portrays the character, the true character of Gordon, also indicates his defects. Lord Cromer tells us how Gordon stood there waiting for the end, his left hand on the hilt of his sword, his revolver in his right hand but without any intention of striking a blow or firing a shot. They came to him, the betrayers and the enemy, to slay him, and as he received the first spear in a breast that contained a heart that was always beating with love for humanity, he waved his right hand in disdain and turned his back to receive his death wound. As the sun rose over the Egyptian desert a few moments later the star of a great hero became fixed in the firmament which holds in its safekeeping all God's heroes, who are heroes forever.

There is your example. You people of Shanghai have the responsibility of sharing in a hero; and remember that heroes would despise us if we only admired them and failed to imitate them. "Noblesse oblige"—Let us go up to Jerusalem!

XI

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM"¹

Isaiah xi, 6.

"**A**S the hills stand about Jerusalem so standeth the Lord round about His people." On this towering eminence, which has kept its sentinel watch over our Capital City since its infancy, the walls of a temple of God, national in aim, national in name, are about to rise.

It will typify that in which we all believe—that the God of Nations is with us and in us. As He has watched over us in the past, so will He guide and shape our destiny in days to come. Already has He set His Name on this place; and where God sets His Name there He is in special sense to be found. This is none other but the House of God, and this is the Gate of Heaven.

There will be no mistaking the meaning of this House. Its one use will be worship. It will be an invitation in stone to all men to come to God, and in Him find illumination and strength and contentment. It

¹ Preached on All Saints' Day, 1910, at the Laying of the Cornerstone of the National Cathedral, Washington.

will be a reminder to our legislators and statesmen that all human law must rest on the Divine.

The conception of a National Cathedral was the vision of a man whose sympathies were as broad as mankind, whose patriotism was as intelligent as it was deep, and whose insight was that of the pure in heart. A little more than three years ago we stood about him as he rejoiced over a small beginning as though it had been the consummation of his vision. As he laid the foundation stone the present melted into the future and he saw with clear eye that which is yet to be. Such men rob the present and the actual of their poverty by clothing that which is with that which is to be. We need the seer and the prophet in every age. Without their vision and promise, there can be no progress.

There have been more intellectual men than Henry Yates Satterlee; there have been abler men; there have been greater administrators; but never has there been a purer hearted man, never one more childlike.

He saw far. The interests of the world were his interests. Is it not an encouragement to find an increasing number of men who can truthfully say: “I am man; naught that touches humanity is alien to me”? There was no new responsibility of State or Church into which he did not enter with that eagerness which is characteristic of youth but not always found in men of maturer

years. But his venturesomeness was not rashness. He weighed risks and opportunities with steady hand. Conservative as he was, he did not believe that to conserve was to embalm; progressive as he was, he distinguished between the fickleness of a novelty-seeker and the stable advance of a truth-seeker.

He saw deep. There was in his eyes at times some of the unfathomable depth of the child's eyes. He lived in his ideals. They, with God at their centre, were the real things of his life. The opposition, the indifference, the disapproval of men could not obscure them for him. Like all big souls he lived in advance of his contemporaries; and like all big souls, when they lagged behind he refused to be discouraged or embittered. He knew the truth and the truth made him splendidly free.

It is fitting that a child's hand should lay the cornerstone of the Bethlehem Chapel of the Holy Nativity, for had the hand of the first Bishop of Washington held the trowel and tried the stone it would have been the hand of a child. It is doubly fitting that the boy who acts in his absence should be his own flesh and blood, as well as his own namesake.

It will always be so that the child spirit will lead men. Its power to see is the only thing that can save men from the tyranny of prosperity and the prison of the things that are temporal. To-day it will not be

amiss to consider as though it were complete this castle in the air under which we are slowly placing foundations, and discern what it stands for locally and in its broader relations. It is necessary so to do in order that the National Cathedral, both in spirit and in fact, should come into being. The idea precedes the embodiment. Indeed had the people of our communion caught the vision of the first Bishop of Washington it would have before this been realized. It is to-day at its beginning rather than its consummation, not from lack of means on the part of the Church but from lack of vision.

The National Cathedral is to be the organ of a Church which claims national character. A national Church must aim to spiritualize and unify all the interests of the nation. Nothing is beyond her reach, nothing so unimportant as not to excite her sympathy. Government, society, education, religion are all her concern.

The separation between Church and State is not a separation of antagonism but of friendliness. Both are organs with distinct functions in the same body corporate. Just as when administration and commerce are controlled by the same hand mischief ensues, so where Church and State are formally related and intertwined, each is hampered in the operation of its power. Analysis distinguishes functions and prepares the way for a

higher degree of organic life. Neither Church nor State can stand alone without the support of the other. A free Church in a free State does not mean that each holds aloof from the other, but that there should be mutual respect and impartial co-operation. There can be a clash of interests only where there is usurpation of powers not within the province of the Church or State, as the case may be.

Religion always has been the soul of nationalism. Those churches have best fulfilled their duty in this respect when they have adapted their polity to fit the framework of government. This was conspicuous of the case in the days of Imperial Rome, and afterwards, when modern nations were born, in the various countries of Europe. The communion which we represent indicates her sense of responsibility to the State by her system of government, which is constructed on the lines of the nation, and for this reason she feels that, without arrogance or without desire to depreciate the national character of other communions, she can claim marked national character.

One of the chief tasks of any church which recognizes obligation to the nation is to aid in the unification of the diverse elements of our nation. There are four great unifying forces in the world—race, religion, government, and language. The two former are the greatest. Blood

is thicker than water, but religion is thicker than blood.

Racial unity is for the present strong in our Republic. But listen to the tramp of men and women coming from afar, men and women of alien blood and thought. We call them immigrants and assign them a lowly place, bidding them make their way. They come with sturdy arms, with willing hands, with ability to endure hardship and to meet difficulty. They are laboring busily and creating manhood, while too many of the old Anglo-Saxon and Dutch stock are withering under the blight of misused prosperity and selfish success.

Two duties ring out to the Church their call to arms.

1. Unless religion is given its proper place by the prosperous and the aristocracy of wealth and wealth-seekers, America of to-day will decay and a new America of imported blood will supplant it. Luxury always goes down before industry. I do not say that prosperity in itself is bad, but I do say without fear of contradiction that prosperity without real religion is self-destructive. The gospel of a National Church to-day must be a gospel of inspiring austerity and royal service. Culture brings peculiar temptations and these temptations are mowing down their thousands under our eyes.

2. Then in the second place, any Church which is to have a part in the national life of to-morrow must busy

herself on those folk of foreign blood who are to have a large share in the nation of to-morrow. Poles, Swedes, Slavs, Italians, coming as they do from lands of lesser liberties to a land where freedom borders on license, easily drift from their religious moorings, and we would show no disrespect to other Christian communions, but would rather give them the aid they need, if we threw our best energies and thought into the problem of how they may be kept pious and made righteous. And never may we forget what is at once the gravest in fact and richest in possibilities of our problems, the problem of the colored race. Forever will it be the problem of the nation, and not the problem of the South. When this fact is properly accepted, its solution will be in sight.

Nor can a National Church be heedless of the duty of education, which is not less the concern of religion than of the State. Each has its important part to play—the education of mind and morals is the duty of the State; but without religious training, which is the foundation of righteousness, intellectualism and ethical culture are a *cul-de-sac*. An ignorant nation with piety and righteousness is better than a learned nation without aggressive belief in God and God's righteousness. To give the best in religion to children is the Church's responsibility, just as much as to give the best in knowledge is the State's. This Cathedral Foundation has already ex-

pressed its sense of responsibility in effective terms. There is no worthy education which does not give education of conscience first place.

Now I come to my last thought. A National Church in the present shattered state of Christendom cannot arrogate to itself the title of The National Church. It is with the vision of unity that we lay this corner-stone, a vision which the first Bishop of Washington, whose remains lie hard by in the Little Sanctuary, always held. It were better far to risk the loss of this Church's distinctive character in a loyal effort to bring about the fulfilment of our Lord's prayer for unity than to sit in idle contemplation of a shattered Christendom. It is what we expect other communions to do. It is what we must do ourselves. But of this we may be well assured that whatever we lose will be that which is of men, our eccentricities, our insularity, our pride, our obtuseness, and we shall be the richer, not the poorer, for our loss. True men can never lose the truth, though sometimes they happily lose their limited conception of it in a larger vision of faith. With hopeful eyes we look for the day when, not in the imperfect patchwork of federation but in organic perfection, all the churches will lose themselves in the grandeur and unity of the one Holy Catholic Church wherein will be found contributions of high value from every com-

munion which worships the Lord Jesus in sincerity and truth.

It is with this vision that we lay our corner-stone. Our eyes are searching for those fair things which can be seen only by the child and the childlike—a glorious Church without spot or wrinkle or any such thing, a unified nation made up of many races and bound together by the Spirit of Christ, a wise people whose knowledge is ruled by an enlightened conscience. In order that these things may be we must go to Bethlehem and kneeling at the cradle of the Nativity worship, praying that the childlike King of the Children of Men may make us as Himself, and that at last we may be numbered with His saints in glory everlasting.

XII

THAT I MAY KNOW HIM¹

That I may know Him and the power of His Resurrection. Phil. iii, 10.

THE foundation of this man's belief in a Risen Christ was not hearsay but personal experience. "Have I not seen Jesus our Lord?" S. Paul asks in another letter. This is not to say that the evidence of others found no place in the economy of his belief, for it did—"for I delivered unto you first of all," he writes to the Church in Corinth, "that which also I received." Then he goes on to group various authenticated manifestations of the Risen Christ, adding to the experience of others the key-stone of the arch so far as his own belief was concerned, his personal experience—"last of all, as unto one born out of due time, He appeared to me also."

What is true of S. Paul's religion, which was wholly representative before it was in any detail unique, holds good in the case of every Christian—there is and can

¹ Preached on the S. S. *Chiyo Maru*, Easter Day, 1912, crossing the one hundred and eightieth meridian.

be no substitute for personal experience. S. Paul's relation to Christianity is more akin to ours than is that of the other Apostles, for he, like us, never saw Jesus in the flesh. That he had an extraordinary vision of Christ which extended to his bodily senses is beyond dispute. But if he enjoyed this one psycho-physical experience, he did not reckon it as his only or chief spiritual asset, nor was it in the memory of it, but in the daily renewed vision of faith, that he lived his life. Even at a late date of writing he does not count himself to have apprehended. Christ is yet to be gained after the fashion that the rest of us must gain Him. The Apostle was still yearning, as though he were but a novice, to know Him and the power of His resurrection.

The testimony of credible witnesses is valuable though not final. It must be kept in its proper place, even if it be the testimony of a Mary Magdalene or a Paul—of impassioned love or of intelligent enthusiasm. Otherwise the result is credulity rather than faith. Credulity is uncritical: faith puts things to the test and holds fast—indeed *can* hold fast—only that which it has proved. It makes no difference whether one lives an arm's length from the day of Jesus as did S. Paul, or centuries beyond as do we, the test of the Resurrection and the abolition of death is one and the same—personal experience of the Risen Christ.

The function of external evidence in religion is to spur us on to spiritual adventure. For one man to say that he has seen the Lord or lived by His power is to constitute a challenge to the rest of us to repeat the experience in our own lives. Any high-grade human experience *ipso facto* becomes a universal heritage. This is markedly true in religion.

The pioneer, consciously or unconsciously, blazes a trail open to the feet of all. The whole group of recorded manifestations of Jesus of the Resurrection to the various disciples are preserved to inform us that we, too, are expected to become credible witnesses of the Risen Christ, that we, too, must aspire to know Him and the power of His Resurrection.

The personal experience of others is a torch at which to kindle personal experience for ourselves. It rouses expectancy and hope, it reveals to us our own capacity, and beckons us into a wonderful fellowship. Then, too, it forms in its collective aspect a check and balance dividing between phantasms and reality, self-hypnotism and fact. There is nothing more certain than that the most vivid reality in the lives of the first witnesses to the Resurrection was their personal contact with Christ. You cannot get consistent effects except from a constant cause. Moreover the measure of a cause in such circumstances is found in the effects. A real effect must

have a real cause, a great effect a great cause, a resurrection effect a resurrection cause.

S. Paul was a preacher and an apostle and a teacher of the Gospel of the Resurrection, not merely of his own personal experience. To talk about great things that have happened to one, without regard to any benefit which may accrue to the hearers, is the empty prating of the egoist whose Gospel is himself. A true preacher is a would-be sharer of the best that has been given him. Because S. Paul had seen the Lord and learned to walk by faith, he burned with the loving desire for all men to have like experience. The flame, unquenched after all these centuries, still continues to kindle in men individualized belief.

So it is that you and I of to-day, when we come to examine the ultimate ground of our belief in the Gospel of the Resurrection, find it in our personal experience. "I have seen the Lord," we say. Some of us have seen Him more, some less clearly, but we have seen Him. The mists will drift in and sometimes it is night for the soul, but no one who has lingered near the tomb has failed in the end to hear His voice and see His form. For those who are willing to pay the cost, so history would seem to say in such lives as Francis of Assisi and Catherine of Genoa, there await manifestations hardly less vivid than that vouchsafed S. Paul. But

only those who have capacity for this sort of vision *can* pay the cost. That is to say the mystics. However, this is of small moment. That which we desire is not a marvel but a steady pressure of Christ's life upon ours. That was the great thing in the life of the mystics, not their exceptional ecstasies. Nor were their ecstasies the cause of the resurrection power in their lives. It was the resurrection pressure that was the cause which gave them an extra clear and full moment of Christ-contact once or twice in their lives. We do not find S. Paul or the rest clamoring for or expecting a repetition of the extraordinary and exceptional. At the most advanced stage of their spiritual career their aspiration is toward what I would term normal fellowship with God such as is equally the privilege and duty of all alike.

To every serious person a vision of Christ is more than a consolation, as it was to the forlorn woman to whom in His incomparable solicitude He hastened to appear, when the dew of His resurrection birth was all fresh upon Him. It is that, but it is also a progressive power, an inspiration to sustained and sober effort, a complete philosophy of life. To know Christ is to know the permanent character of God, and the permanent character of man, which is the sum total of knowledge.

1. The Risen Christ reveals to each one with whom He establishes personal relationship, God's permanent

character as Love. Love is undaunted and irrepressible—"it suffereth long." Rejection and contempt cannot quench its flame. It is more wonderful and beautiful that, after the way men treated Him, Christ should have come back again to their society in order to press His tenderness and strength against the thorny bosom of human life, than that He should have conquered death. His resurrection was a restoration of Himself to those who had cast Him from their midst by denial and desertion.

Love, thus revealed, knows how to continue loving the unloving without weariness or resentment. It is superior to a failure on the part of the beloved to respond and give like for like. The Christ we learn to know is the Christ of many returns. Once and again we find Him standing by us as we weep beside the tomb of dead hopes, shattered ideals, and barren resolutions. Out of our failures He weaves for us victories.

This is Love's method. First it stoops. The eternal by incarnation expresses itself in terms of time. The worst of which time is capable, is forthwith converted into the choicest language of God, with the Cross as the acme of His eloquence.

Then Love rises. The eternal by resurrection elevates all things into the atmosphere of the transcendent. Time, crammed with its medley of human happenings,

finds its best expression in terms of the eternal. All history becomes a process of the Spirit of God. The strength of nations to realize themselves, the web of human intercourse in market and drawing-room, the activities of intellect in library and laboratory, pass under the review of the Risen Christ, who controls all dartings to and fro of the shuttle of human life. Common concerns assume the dignity of high worth—"all differences of performance as also of ability disappear. . . . All men are equally near to God, and objects of equal love."

2. The Risen Christ reveals man's permanent character. Man is destined to be forever man. Jesus of the Cross and Jesus of the Resurrection are one and the same. Death neither mars nor radically alters the human. Death is not the conclusion of the human and our introduction into some completely different order of being, angelic or ghoulish. Manhood according to God's design, as it is capable of being worked out on earth, was so well executed that it cannot be improved upon. The Christian's life of mortality is the beginning of the best. His conception of death is not as of a blank wall beyond which lie fantastic shapes in a valley of gloom, but rather as of a door into a garden where all that is ignobly human perishes from lack of nourishment, and all that is nobly human flourishes in fertile soil.

Those who have antedated us in the pilgrimage through the grave, from which none are exempt, are at this very hour superbly human. They wear a humanity that is not only quite as lovable as it was yesterday when their breath was warm in their bodies, but doubly so in that character is steadily mounting toward that limitless best which is their destiny. The limitations of personality, as we know it, are then done away by our introduction into the unity of the countless, whereby our exaggerated consciousness of the ego finds its cure in a balanced share of the universal consciousness. Lying still further beyond is that completion of our human perfection in the body that shall be. Then shall we see Him as we are seen, know Him as we are known, and, best of all, love Him as we are loved—as sons of God, it is true, but for that reason none the less, rather all the more, as sons of men.

XIII

OPPORTUNITY¹

The Lord Himself is the portion of mine inheritance, and of my cup: thou shalt maintain my lot. The lot is fallen unto me in a fair ground: Yea, I have a goodly heritage. Psalm xvi, 6, 7.

I WONDER how many of us feel that this describes our own case. The words are those of a man wholly contented with his lot in life. His present opportunities are such as to rouse his enthusiasm, and his future is a source of joy to him as he anticipates the good things that line the morrow's pathway. Genuine contentment is a rarely beautiful characteristic. Of course I do not mean the stagnant contentment that succumbs to environment, but the progressive, lively spirit that is busy availing itself of to-day's opportunities, beating unruly conditions into shape and at the same time anticipating better things for to-morrow.

We seem to be hampered by a constitutional perversity which blinds us to the magnitude of our present

¹ Preached in the American Cathedral, Manila, on Sunday morning, June 14, 1908.

opportunities and denies contentment much more than a night's lodging in our souls. It is the forbidden that seems the home of opportunity rather than that which is to be had for the asking.

*I would have gone; God bade me stay:
I would have worked; God bade me rest.
He broke my will from day to day,
He read my yearnings unexpressed
And said them nay.*

*Now I would stay; God bids me go:
Now I would rest; God bids me work.
He breaks my heart tossed to and fro,
My soul is wrung with doubts that lurk
And vex it so.*

*I go, Lord, where thou sendest me;
Day after day I plot and moil:
But, Christ my God, when will it be
That I may let alone my toil
And rest with Thee ?*

Contentment is found only in the assurance that God controls our lot and that for us the best opportunity that we could have to-day is that which we have. Emersonian transcendentalism is winsome to the ear, but we are too prone to do our nature the injustice of writing ourselves down as too small to turn it into practical aid. Emerson indicates a high degree of contentment and by no means one that we should not aspire

to when he says: "You are preparing with eagerness to go and render a service to which your talent and your taste invite you, the love of men and the hope of fame. Has it not occurred to you that you have no right to go unless you are equally willing to be prevented from going?"

The world is overflowing with opportunities that become fully visible only when we find ourselves in danger of being severed from our present lot and transplanted elsewhere. The youth goes out from his home to begin the battle of life armed only with his own merits. As he turns for a last look at his childhood's associations, it is as though a veil were lifted and the splendor of it all dawns upon him as never before. He sees the beauty of the commonplace and is smitten with regret that he did not live and love better. Penitence, which is but the sincere recognition of the greatness of unheeded or slighted opportunities, lies on the threshold of every change, whether of removal or death. And even those who in the eyes of most of us appear to have been naked of opportunity awake to the fact that their lot too was cast in a fair ground. The robber who died with Christ never had a fair chance as we usually reckon. A wild son of the desert, he always was on close terms with bloodshed and violence. But penitence seizes him as he plants his foot on the threshold of death.

He laments the insult he has offered his lot and claims pain as his rightful heritage.

How shabby and mean such reflections make our querulousness with our lot appear! Many of us are spending our vitality lamenting over the barrenness of our life. It is, we complain, swept of real opportunity. It is true there are those who have no opportunity—the child of the East Side of New York with the inheritance of a stunted mind, a vicious nature, and an environment of misery, for instance. But it is not so with any one of you. No, not one. Your lot is cast in a fair ground. Your discontent is vicious. We are rich, most of us, compared with Him who said, “Foxes have holes and birds of the air have nests but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head”; or with the man of mean, weak presence and halting speech who preached such sermons as will continue to inspire after the last echo of the greatest orator has subsided into the stillness of the Arctic seas.

1. *The soul of opportunity is contentment.* Contentment is concentrated enough and sufficiently keen-eyed to survey thoroughly the immediate landscape. It becomes familiar with all it sees and learns to use to the best advantage all it touches. It finds treasures in the waste that the careless discard as useless or of small value. After all, opportunity can be found only by those

who possess character. There is no opportunity anywhere for the querulous and vicious—they spoil all they touch. They turn a garden into a desert, and make a fruitful tree barren.

2. *Opportunity lies here not yonder.* The little boy was often weary for he shared the poverty and labor of the farm. But at sunset he found pleasure in sitting on the brow of the hill and looking at a palace far across the valley all ablaze with glory—it was surely a palace for its windows were gold and diamond. One day he took a journey to the palace and when he reached it, alas, it was only a common farmhouse like his own with windows of glass. But there were warm hearts within which made it a palace. A little playmate gave him a happy day and he told her how he had expected to find there the gold and diamond windows. “Ah,” she said, “wait till sunset and I will show you them.” And when evening drew near she pointed across the valley where a distant house lay wrapped in the splendor of the sunset. “Why,” he said, “that is my home!” When he reached his father’s house after his day of pleasure his parents asked him what he had learned. “I have learned,” he said, “that I live in a house with gold and diamond windows.”

Yes, the big things are here, not yonder. Place becomes great only because of great personality. Place

can never make a small man great—only ridiculous. A big place, a place where the atmosphere is composed of the souls of great men who have gone, must always have to occupy it a soul as big as it already is, or bigger—else the throne will become a mockery and the papacy a hissing. Big things and places are where big causes and men are. We, here, can make these Islands, a few years since obscure, unimportant, great forever—if we first make ourselves great by doing our small tasks greatly and allying ourselves consciously with great causes. Otherwise we shall make them worse than obscure. Political jugglery, selfishness, insincerity, and American vice will make them notorious. Only American greatness, I mean the greatness of individual Americans on the spot, can make them great. We must apply the best that we are to our tasks. That is the first step. “Where the heart is there the gods sojourn and not in any geography of fame. . . . Here we are; and, if we tarry a little, we may come to learn that here is best. See to it, only, that thyself is here;—and art and nature, hope and fate, friends, angels, and the Supreme Being, shall not be absent from the chamber where thou sittest.”

3. *An opportunity is great or small as it is or is not consciously attached to a great cause.* A slender tie is sufficient to unite a common duty and a weighty cause

just as the cable which joins the puny island to the huge American continent is but a thin thread. We must each of us be closely and intelligently related to our immediate task, but that does not forbid our marrying our simple activities to the progress of nations, to the vast complexity of whirling worlds, to eternities and infinities. It is man's right and privilege to tread the earth and scan the heavens at the same moment.

You and I are patriots. We would die to preserve the integrity of the nation. We would champion some great cause to promote this end. But there is no call to be tragic. The work can be more effectively done in a simpler way, here, in the home. America is not yet a nation of homes where love reigns supreme. We are somewhat more careless than other countries of ties of blood, and the permanence of the marriage bond. You, who would be a patriot, find your opportunity in the bosom of your family. The cause of the family is the cause of the nation. The forbearance, the thoughtfulness, the self-sacrifice that makes for the completeness of your family makes for the integrity of the nation. So, too, in social life. Carry into it something better than flippant lips. Carry into it a character that has savor and sanctifies as well as pleases.

There are those of you here who are civil servants. Your work is routine, but it becomes something better

than mechanical when you pour the oil of loyalty into its wheels. The creaking changes to music. The Governor-General a few days ago castigated with just severity disloyalty. It should meet with the same treatment wherever it appears, for the proper place for disloyalty is the gallows.

Again, a Church that is set on counting its communicants and that moves heaven and earth to make a new Episcopalian, or Presbyterian, or Roman Catholic is a wretched little sect in God's sight, whatever be its pretensions and claims. The Church is a symbol and instrument of the Kingdom of God, and the moment it is made an end in itself it becomes like a selfish man, a menace to God's purposes. Your loyalty and mine consists not in speech that defends our Church but in our using our opportunities. "In so far as our cause is a predatory cause which lives by overthrowing the loyalty of others, it is an evil cause because it involves disloyalty to the very cause of loyalty itself." Our Church is small in numbers, but it can become great in character and influence if it serves not itself but the Kingdom of God of which it is the symbol and instrument. The unchurched are wandering aimlessly all about us, and the neglected are waiting for our helping hand. Let us seize the opportunity. Other churches have our goodwill so far as they, too, labor for God's Kingdom and

not for their own statistical aggrandizement or for absolute power.

Our lot, then, yours and mine, is cast in a fair ground. Together let us learn contentment, and in quiet vigilance make untaken or partially taken opportunities our own. The tie between you and me, the tie of chief pastor and people, the tie of fellow-countrymen in a far land is trustful and tender and strong—so strong that the other day, when a strain was put upon it to break it, it seemed unbreakable. Your loyalty to the cause of which I am official representative and leader expressed itself in the touching address you made me, an address full of loving hyperbole.

We are here in the Orient, you and I, to cling to the ideal life to which you referred and to dare the greatest task the world has ever set itself—to unite East and West in mutual understanding and service.

I have already answered your address¹ in an action which I must leave to tell you its own significance. Now it remains for us to pick up our unused opportunities for the rest of the time we are to be co-workers. If I leave either in the near or far future, it will not be because I am weary, or because I have exhausted the opportunities of the situation, but because Divine counsels which I have been learning to discern and obey

¹ An address asking me to continue my work in the Philippines.

through a lifetime, part of it rebellious, advise it. In the meantime contentment and its handmaid opportunity lie at our feet, in our homes, and offices, and activities. Let us disperse each one of us to our own house and, I think,—I hope, that we will find it to be a house with windows of gold and diamond.

XIV

A GLORIOUS MINISTRY¹

I hold not my life of any account, as dear unto myself, so that I may accomplish my course, and the ministry which I received from the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God. Acts xx, 24.

THIS is a moment of vivid interest. Solemn, yes, but thrilling, for the solemn is the thrilling. The occasion touches the life of everyone here, in that we are in the presence of that enterprise before which all else pales—the ministerial enterprise. A new expedition is setting out for the ambitious purpose of transforming human life—a prodigious task, but one which knows not the word failure. God honors us by His habit of issuing a mandatory invitation to undertake the seemingly impossible. He stirs you, who to-day are to receive His commission, by His inviting command to carry the dawn into the sunset and the noonday into the night; to consider nothing hopeless and no one insignificant. You are to go striding out into the world's aching need with adequate succor in your hands.

¹ Preached at the Advent Ordination, in Canterbury Cathedral, on Sunday, December 18, 1910.

The occasion is of moment not only to those who are thus faring forth, but also to everyone here. We weather-beaten seniors in the Ministry welcome with grateful hearts this reinforcement of fresh vitality and added wisdom. You lay folk receive with eagerness the treasure of word and sacrament entrusted to these new stewards, and in turn offer them that responsive service without which the Ministry cannot avail. Even the youngest lad present has his place and inspiration in this Ordination Service, for it is illustrative. Soon God will lay His hand on each, and give him his position in the world of men—possibly calling some of you to the same high vocation in Christ Jesus; but, however that may be, calling all to specific and important work.

A high vocation it is, indeed ! What sort of persons, then, should be selected to undertake this task in which difficulty and opportunity are so strangely blended, but where privilege ultimately swallows up toil? I think it should be men who can say with sincerity just what S. Paul said: "I hold not my life of any account, as dear unto myself, so that I may accomplish my course, and the Ministry which I received from the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God." The Apostle stands before us as typical rather than singular. There was that which was unique and individual in him; but, in the main, he is a normal representative of the Chris-

tian Ministry. Were he here to-day to speak his mind, he would identify himself with us, and treat with harsh hand whatever threatened to obscure or impair the brotherly relation between himself and us. What he was we must aim to be. You who are to-day launching out on your great adventure must begin right, and we who have journeyed far along our course must renew our vows and burnish our enthusiasm, according to the pattern he has given. The Ministry calls for men, for men of purpose, for commissioned men, for inspired men.

1. *We must be men.* There is no substitute for that glorious thing which we call manhood. It is the foundation upon which everything human rests. Talent, brilliancy, skill, are worse than useless—they are dangerous to the possessor and to society, unless there is manhood beneath. S. Paul would be recognized in any society for a man. Virility is too subtle a characteristic to define, but it is unmistakable when we see it. It is mountainous in its greatness, crystal clear in its transparent beauty. It is a blending of experience and guilelessness, acuteness and innocence, reserve and sympathy—in a word, strength which brings

*“your life up square
With your accepted thought, and holds it there.”*

What a many-sided manhood S. Paul brought into

the Ministry ! He was a scholar, a statesman, a craftsman whose skilled and calloused hands ministered to his own necessities, a traveller, and a mystic. His mysticism took hold of his varied gifts and made each one a spiritual force.

The complaint is sometimes made, not without grounds, that the preparation for the Ministry, as it now is, lacks in something. The young cleric is not equipped with adequate experience, so that the early part of his career is too experimental to be valuable. Perhaps we may find it wise before long to require of every candidate for Holy Orders that, either before or during or immediately after his course of theological training—at any rate, prior to ordination—he should go out into the workaday world and prove himself by gaining that experience of men and things which can only come to those who work for their living. A couple of years thus spent would produce a larger-sized average of manhood in the Ministry than we are accustomed to. You are to be congratulated in that, as I am told, you represent an unusually rich and varied experience of this very sort. But what is now dependent upon accident is too valuable for efficiency and too creative of manhood not to be made into a deliberately chosen factor in preparation for Holy Orders.

2. *We must be men of purpose* “I hold not,” says

our type, "my life of any account as dear unto myself, so that I may accomplish my course, and the Ministry which I have received." His life was planned to the end. There was no veil obscuring his view. His orderly mind had measured the whole course.

There are few things more admirable than fine manhood exulting under the domination of a big purpose. Men of culture and privilege are dependent upon a purpose of magnitude to such a degree that they must have it or lose their manhood. It brings us as near that happiness or joy for which God created human life as is possible—a happiness which responds to no half-measures. It is to be found in the near and in the far distance; never in the middle. In the near lies concrete duty which holds the happiness of the day; in the far is the ultimate goal which holds the fundamental happiness of a whole life; in the middle stands the incomplete which pretends to be complete, big enough to interest though too small to inspire—ambitions and schemes which claim to be ultimate, but, when reached, crumble into disappointment.

Our purpose must be of a kind that will in no wise be interfered with by death, but, on the contrary, be advanced. S. Paul's course was of more importance to him than the preservation of life and all that is summed up in that word, reputation, freedom, success, physical

well-being, or even being—in short, everything a man holds dear. He laid his life upon his aim as upon an altar. Like the character in one of George Meredith's novels, he could exclaim, "I set my life upon my aim when I feel the object is of true worth. I win, or death hides from me my missing it."

Who can fail to admire the man who, thinking that he has found an object of worth, almost merrily, certainly cheerfully, soars into the sky at imminent risk to life and limb in order to promote the conquest of nature, or who, day by day, imperils health and courts death in the laboratory in the hope of furthering biological research? One of your own empire-builders¹ after a grave illness wrote: "Life, I thought, was gone, and I rejoiced in the hope that my death would do for Sarawak what my life had not been able to effect."

Worthy as such objects as those quoted may be, none can have such high justification for laying his life upon his aim as the Minister of Christ. The preservation of mere physical life and well-being is unimportant. Our purpose in ourselves and others is a work of transformation, not to substitute the spiritual for the natural, but to spiritualize the natural. To do this, we must not aim to "make the best of both worlds," but place the spiritual first. The material balance of the scale is

¹ Rajah Brooke.

hanging too low. All the refinements with which we clothe matter fail to change its character. Too high a premium is set on mere life and its material trappings, the life which we share with lesser and lower animals. We must learn, and teach others how to discount it in the presence of a great purpose, "holding it of no account, as dear unto ourselves."

*"A man must live. We justify
Low shift and trick to treason high,
A little vote for a little gold
To a whole senate bought and sold,
By that self-evident reply.
But is it so? Pray tell me why
Life at such a cost you have to buy?
In what religion were you told
A man must live?"*

*There are times when a man must die.
Imagine, for a battle cry,
From soldiers, with a sword to hold—
From soldiers, with the flag unrolled—
This coward's whine, this liar's lie:
A man must live!"*¹

3. *We must be commissioned men.* Our Ministry can be received only from the Lord Jesus. A commission from men will be totally inadequate for the performance of our task. I like to think of the Apostle Paul as being in the same category as ourselves. If he

¹ Charlotte Perkins Stetson, in her book of poems, *In This Our World*.

exalts his commission, it is not to separate himself from, but to unite himself to, his fellows, and to stimulate others likewise to exalt their commission that they too may be bond-slaves of the Lord and servants of men. Our commission must have the same source as his, and be to the same end. It is further to be noted that he had only the same facilities for apprehending, and being apprehended by, Jesus Christ that we have. He never saw his Master in the flesh. His experiences with Him belonged to the subjective order, and were experiences of faith. He walked by faith, not by sight.

As in his case, then, so in ours, commission comes from the direct touch of the Lord upon our lives—not by momentary, but a permanent touch. In my home-city stands a bronze statue of that great pastor and inspirer of men, Phillips Brooks. He is represented as delivering the Gospel message. Behind him stands another, whose right hand rests upon his shoulder. It is Jesus Christ, *Pastor pastorum*, at whose touch his life took fire, under whose touch it continued to flame until the end.

Let the bronze declare its parable to you. In a few moments apostolic hands will be laid upon your heads, and you will feel a human touch. Is that all? No. However apostolic the channel, your commission does not come trickling down the ages from a distant source,

with perhaps some leakage on its journey. The connection is with heaven. Your Ministry is received directly from Jesus Christ. But by faith you must turn the objective into the subjective, the historically authoritative into the mystically real, and the human touch will become to you the touch of God. What to the multitude was a peal of thunder or a voice was to Jesus a Divine message (John xii, 28, 29); what was to his companions a light or a sound was to S. Paul the Lord's face and voice (Acts ix; xxii). "What, when the sun rises, do you see? A round disc of fire, something like a guinea? Oh, no, no ! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host crying 'Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God Almighty.'" When the human hands have been lifted, the Divine touch will linger. God's hand will ever remain upon your life to guide, to empower, to inspire. Were I not convinced that there stands by me One who can use my very defects as a vehicle for His message, I would have neither the courage nor the power to address you as I am doing.

The idea of commission has also its human side. Commission is through, as it is for, the whole Church, which is human society divinely organized. The Ministry is neither given nor received with the intent to further sectarian thought and organization. There is a great difference between believing that your associa-

tion is with only a fragment of the Church, and, on the other hand, holding the conviction that the entire Church is behind you. The Minister who conceives his own communion to be *the* Church has a pathetic fragment as his propulsive force, nothing more. He who has that large conception, which includes in the Church all Christendom, and who refuses to allow our unhappy divisions to separate him in spirit from his fellow Christians, has an uplift and support which cannot be measured in words. If his responsibility is enhanced, his inspiration is proportionately increased. Claim, therefore, your commission from Christ's hand, and recognize the catholicity of your Ministry in origin and scope, a Ministry inferior to none, the peer of the best.

4. *We must be inspired men.* Aspiration equips for inspiration. Our message is not our own. It comes from God to those who aspire to receive it. Our Ministry is "to testify the Gospel of the grace of God," exactly as was S. Paul's. Good tidings, a rich, positive message, is to engage our minds and set our lips on fire. The world is waiting for inspiration. Do not send men empty away, as you are bound to do if you try to feed them on the husks of negation, so cheap and so futile, or of controversy in which the message is forgotten in the effort to rout the enemy. In the words of one of

your modern writers, I would warn you against negation:

“To deny is much more dangerous than to assert. In Goethe’s drama the spirit that constantly denies, *wer stets verneint*, is Mephistopheles. An *assertion* may have some insight underlying it; an enthusiastic assertion is nearly always the outcome of a mustard-seed of truth, however overlaid with error it may be. But a *denial* may only signify a mental dislocation, a failure to understand, a lack of sympathy, a failure to appreciate a point of view, an absorption in some other mode of regarding truth. To deny rightly usually demands much completer knowledge than to assert. An assertion may be specific and minute—the result of a perception of a single instance. A denial, to be effective, may have to be large and comprehensive. And the larger its field, the more ambitious its scope, the more anxious would its promulgator be.” Whatever negation does, it never inspires.

With this let me conclude my message to you, my brothers, who begin your ministerial career at a time when my eyes are turned toward the close of mine, which, however distant, cannot be far off. If by disclosing to you my own failures and errors I could inspire your exemption from similar troubles, how gladly would I do so. But this I can say, that where my Ministry

has gone lame, the cause has lain in the neglect of the principles which I have enunciated. Under the spell of their inspiration go out into that service of love which leads straight into the love of service. The reward of service is capacity and, with the increased capacity, increased desire to serve. Some of you, perhaps most, will at first, and it may be always, labor in obscurity. A few, in days to come, may be called to conspicuous posts. Neither shun the one state nor covet the other. The moment a man considers that work is of value because it is conspicuous he has taken the first step to rob it of its worth. If, on the other hand, he depreciates it because it is obscure, he immediately slips into culpable inefficiency. The value of work is not in its size or setting, but in the man who does it. Work can make a man great only when he has made work great. Then the least duty takes on noble proportions at his command, and conspicuousness will have no power to dazzle, obscurity no power to depress.

The best that I can wish for you is that you may be loyal to your Ministry with the loyalty of S. Paul—that you may demand manhood for yourselves, lay your life on your purpose, glory in your commission, aspire until you are inspired—and, at the end, be able to say with him, “I have fought the fight. I have finished the course. I have kept the faith; henceforth

there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me at that day.”¹

¹ A few days after this sermon was preached a little boy asked me how a bishop was made. I explained that he was called to his office by the people of God, adding: “Perhaps you will be a bishop some day, Hugh”—then to his aunt, “Perhaps Hugh is going into the Ministry.” “Why, Hugh, I thought you were going into the Army.” Very seriously came the reply: “But you know I might be called.”

Does not this indicate what the constant pressure of a mother on her boy might do to help him to high vocation?

III
THE NATION

XV

HYPOCRISY¹

And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother: Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and behold, a beam is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye. Matt. vii, 3, 4, 5.

I THINK that the drift of this passage is that a coarse character cannot do refined work. The Saviour says about people who have a beam in their eye, that is to say who have some large fault which they are making no effort to remove, that they are great critics, and their criticism takes the unbalanced form of trying to perform a very delicate surgical operation without having the necessary visual power. They are always ready to examine a mote in their brother's eye, but they do it without having eyesight themselves. A coarse character is a critical character, a character that is prone to gossip taking the form of destruction of our neighbor's character.

¹ Preached at the Cathedral of S. Mary and S. John, Manila, on Sunday, July 15, 1906.

A coarse character, that is a character that is not making any effort at self-improvement, has a second defect, which is inability to improve another's character. It is not that he may not, but that he cannot remove the mote which is in his brother's eye. Yonder woman who is careless of her own character while trying to train her child cannot expect her little one to become refined. And do not blame the child if she develops badly. It is quite impossible, O mother, to do that most delicate thing that human life can spend itself upon, to train a little child, unless you are diligent in training yourself. If we are not making any effort towards self-improvement, you and I, if we discern in ourselves that ugly critical faculty which ends in slander and gossip, though we may have a wish to aid others we cannot. The beam is in our eye, and we cannot see how to pull the mote out of our brother's eye. If that is our position we won't blame anyone but ourselves, because it isn't chance that has put us into the position which we hold spiritually—morally and intellectually too, perhaps—but we got there by being careless of our inner growth. A pretty hopeless position, perhaps you think; but Christ doesn't think so. Christ despises a hypocrite, and He says you are a hypocrite if you are criticizing and finding fault with others who are quite as good as you yourself, or perhaps a good deal better. But, He continues, don't be

a hypocrite any longer. "Cast out the beam out of thine own eye" and then spiritual power will come to you and you will be able to do a spiritual task for others.

You mother will be able to bend that little child's life so that it will be in line with God's, and she will become a noble woman. The cure for a coarse character lies in earnest effort toward self-improvement; for the thing that will empower us most of all for the work of lifting others up, is the improvement of ourselves.

Sometimes the improvement takes the guise of a surgical operation: "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off; if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out." It may be if a man wants to be really a force in society that he will have to do some such thing as that with himself; and isn't it striking that the coarse character is harsh with other people's failings, but the refined character is very stern and severe with himself?

In these times many of us feel personally responsible for social conditions. It is inborn in us: we come to consciousness with the conviction that each one of us is his brother's keeper. We have a sense in our day of collective unity that brings the ends of the earth together and makes us understand the words of S. Paul: "God made of one blood all nations of men."

When I say that we are responsible for the condition of society I do not mean that each one of us is to con-

stitute himself or herself a social reformer and attack each vice that is to be found; such people are more or less of a nuisance and do not do much good. It is indeed a pitiful sight to see "a reformer in search of a grievance." What I mean is that there are always close to us some things which are so intimately connected with our lives that if we are at all true to our conviction that we have a direct responsibility for such conditions, we can sway whole masses of people by our own demeanor.

There are too many, I am afraid, who sit down in the presence of evils from a false humility, from a lack of consciousness that personality always counts if it is thrown in the scale of righteousness, and do not take any action whatever to remedy the evils they see about them. Some years ago one of the bishops of our Church, in the presence of a considerable group of men who had been sitting without making any protest whatever against an injustice, lifted up his voice and made his protest and said, "This must not be." It was a disagreeable thing to do, but he felt that it had to be done. And after he had done it (none of the men about him had said one word to aid), when he had finished his protest, and had taken his seat, there was a general buzz of applause, and cries of "That's right, Bishop," and the bishop turned to these men and said: "Gentlemen, you represent a certain type of citizens who sit down in

the presence of evil and never lift your voice to remedy it, forgetting your personal responsibility.”

Since I went North, a movement making for righteousness has taken very definite form. It is a movement against what I suppose is the most specious evil in the Philippine Islands. I have been in a remote part of the Island of Luzon, and until a few days ago I had seen no papers for more than a month, so that I was unaware of the existence of the league which has begun its career—the Moral Progress League; but in the short time that I have been within reach of information I have learned something of what is going on. Last Friday I reached Dagupan, and that evening I was asked by a man there if I did not want to go to a meeting of the Moral Progress League. I went, and found in the school house a fairly large gathering of Filipino men. The Governor of the province, the *presidente* of the town and the *consejales* were taking a more or less prominent part. One of the officers of the League laid the subject before the Filipinos, and in less than half an hour the council had decided to take immediate action and close the cockpits in Dagupan.

I could not help feeling that whatever its limitations (and I recognize that such methods as are employed in this movement have their limitations) the Spirit of God is in it, and the thing, perhaps, that heartens one

most of all is that it is the outcome of Filipino feeling and Filipino conscience. But American society—I am speaking of it in its entirety—has not done one single thing to put this movement on a higher plane than it is on at this moment, and I say that I am ashamed of American society, and I feel the blight and stain on my own life, and you, my brethren, should feel it to. Oh! It is a shame, a shame.

But it is not too late. Our credit as Christians, to say nothing of our duty as citizens of the American Republic, compels us. The movement came from Filipinos as you all know; and you know the details better than I do. Here is a paper—*El Renacimiento*—that does not always say wise things, struggling against apathy and ignorance month in and month out until at last the fire is kindled and the movement takes shape, and then certain courageous men of your blood and mine help the movement along; and the great crowd of Americans, I suppose, have idly clapped their hands, though some have sneered and some have opposed. I think that you and I are going to take a much stronger stand than hitherto. We must organize and show the Filipinos that before we set about pulling the mote out of their eye we shall pluck the beam out of our own eye.

I said that there were limitations in a movement of this kind, and I want to emphasize this fact because I

do not want you to think that I am carried away by emotionalism. I know the meaning of what might be termed "mob enthusiasm." I have just been reading a book by Rosadi, the most eminent criminal lawyer in Italy. He tells of the power of collective enthusiasm in crowds and how perfectly fickle a crowd is. One interesting thing that he touches upon is that in mobs ordinarily the first impulse is given by women and children; then what he calls "collective suggestion" travels like lightning through the whole crowd. Now this "collective suggestion" works equally for good, and we must avail ourselves of it.

I say that I am quite aware of the limitations of a movement of this kind, but I am equally sure that the movement is at once going to emancipate many Filipinos who are eager to be free from this great social vice but who have not had quite enough strength to throw it off unaided. More than this, it will educate children; whatever else the movement does or does not do, it will tend to educate the young mind. But I am not here to speak to absent people, I am not here to talk to the Filipinos and tell them what they ought to do, and ought not to do, though I will say this, that the Roman Catholic Church has upon it at this moment a heavy responsibility, and I believe that the Apostolic Delegate and the Archbishop are men enough to direct

Filipino priests throughout this Archipelago so that they will be instructed to become reformers to the extent of using their influence against gambling; and then the movement which is being maintained by the Moral Progress League will have greater power and will accomplish greater results.

The question in my mind is what it is incumbent upon the American and English and German population, all of the foreign population, to do. We must do something; we cannot sit down idly and watch things: we must play our part. It is a source both of surprise and regret to me that the action that the Commission has taken has been dragged from time. One thinks of the Philippine Commission as being endowed not merely with the duty of political leadership but of moral leadership. I know that our President considers that he occupies something more than a political stool: he occupies a moral throne. And so should it be with the Governor and the Commission here. You know the old Romans used to say: *Senatores boni viri, autem senatus mala bestia*. "The Senators are good men, but the Senate is a vile beast." And we can say that of our Senate in the United States to-day. There are good men in the Senate as Mr. Lodge has asserted quite recently, and no one will deny what he says, but collectively, as a legislative entity, *senatus mala bestia*, and

does not represent the nation. But we do not wish to have to say it of the Commission. One looks to the Philippine Commission to-day for something more than political leadership. Aye! and in the name of the American community I demand that they show themselves moral leaders; and you will back me up! . . .

Now what is the difficulty that is in our way? What is the obstacle that prevents us citizens from throwing all our weight on the side of the Filipinos that are trying to rid themselves of their great burden? You know as well as I do; it is because so many of us are gamblers. Sometimes it is said that the pulpit is not fair; that the pulpit will denounce things and not give the pews an opportunity to reply. I am going to forestall the objection by affording anyone who wishes a chance to answer here and now what I am about to say.

My assertion is that moderate gambling is a vice, and it is as respectable to be a moderate liar, or a moderate thief as to be a moderate gambler. The effect on the character, if not equal, is at any rate similar. I lay this down as a thesis, and any man that is willing to stand up and defend poker, or any woman who is willing to defend bridge whist when played for money or expensive prizes is at liberty to speak; but if you do speak, I say remember who stands among us,—Jesus Christ, and if your moderate gambling is something

that can be defended in the presence of Jesus Christ: I wait for some one to speak. I am not doing this for dramatic effect: I think you know me well enough to know that I am real, and if any man has it in his mind to say anything in favor of gambling, let him speak. It is unconventional, I know, but I am an unconventional man. It is a serious moment.

No one speaks. Then I reassert that gambling is contemptible in anyone who pretends to self-respect, and reprehensible to God and His Son Jesus Christ. I maintain that the difference between poker and cock-fighting, between bridge whist played for money, and *panguingue*,¹ is a matter of whitewash. I do not want to be mistaken; someone once said of words that I spoke that I was opposed to bridge whist. I don't know the game except in a general way, but I should say that it is an admirable in-door game. Poker I think is a contemptible game; if it were not for the money risked, poker would drop out of existence. Whist is entirely different; it is a good game, a game of the intellect and a game of skill, and I commend it; but I maintain that when bridge whist is played for money or for expensive prizes as distinguished from badges of victory, or a trophy held, but never owned, by a winner, as it is in Manila, it isn't a bit different from the cock-pit or from the

¹ A native gambling game.

roulette table at Monte Carlo. The only distinction is that the thing called "society" has dipped its brush in whitewash and has whitewashed bridge whist played for money. Now, obviously, there are some of us who cannot as yet join in the movement of the Moral Progress League. I do not think that cock-fighting is such a brutal thing: so far as a matter of that sort can be devoid of brutality, cock-fighting is. It would seem that a stab with the sharp gaff usually is soon fatal. And the natives do not go to the cock-pits because they are attracted by any brutal exhibition, they go in order that there may be an opportunity for gambling, and the most evil thing at the cock-pit is the gambling. I think that if the gambling were stopped, cock-fighting would stop of itself.¹

If a game is worth playing at all, it is worth playing for that which it gives, though it must not be abused or used to excess so as to become a vocation. What Horace Walpole said in the eighteenth century of old-fashioned whist is true of bridge—"It has spread an universal opium over the whole nation," chiefly because the gambling that accompanies it leads the players into excess. It ceases to be a recreation, and becomes an exhaustion. Again, Horace Walpole says: "The gam-

¹ The practice of cock-fighting is gradually being ousted by clean amateur athletics.

bling fever has taken possession of every part of society." I hope that this is not entirely true now, but the unfortunate thing is that it has taken hold of the leaders of society, in New York, in my old home Boston, and here in Manila. I am going to quote again, this time from Addison in the *Spectator*: "It behooves persons of distinction with their power and example to preside over diversions and pastimes in such manner as to check anything that tends to corruption of manners, or which is too mean or trivial for the entertainment of reasonable creatures." Society leaders are, so to speak, "persons of distinction," and Addison defines your duty. It would be sad indeed if the poor Filipinos were to purify their lives of gambling and we who are just as bad as they, save for a coat of whitewash, did nothing. We are provided with other diversions and pastimes, the Filipinos have almost nothing—I know the dull gray of their lives well enough. Suppose I were to ask all those really willing to place themselves on the side of clean sport for a year from this date to stand up; I wonder if I would get a response. Will you do it? Will you pluck the beam from your eye here in the presence of Jesus Christ, in order that you may cast your strength on the side of righteousness?

I think that one of the weaknesses of the Moral Progress League is that it has announced no construc-

tive platform. The Filipinos that give up cock-fighting must have some amusement: you and I have all we want, but these poor people have nothing at all. But they must have something. You know what Christ said about cleaning a house and putting no inhabitants in it: it will soon be filled with devils; and the last state of the house will be worse than the first. We should have clean occupants ready to step in. But as for you and me, we have all that we want and to spare. All that I ask of you is that you give up something that your own consciences protested against the first time you did it. I am sure your best self is even now saying: "Oh, I am on your side, I am on the side of righteousness and of Jesus Christ; I want to have a good character; I do not want to be coarse." It is that side that must be asserted, that the homeland may know that one city at least, through its leaders of society, through its persons of distinction, has given its influence for righteousness.

There are three reasons why I want you to do what your own consciences tell you you ought to do—I am speaking definitely, you see, to those who have a beam in their eye which they wish to cast out. In the first place, because gambling degrades God's good gifts. I shall quote again, this time from Isaac Walton. He says, speaking in that wonderful treatise of his on the art of angling, on true sport, that it is the sort of thing

you turn to when you "purpose to give rest to your mind, and divest yourself of your more serious business." So I say that God gives us power of social amusement, which is a wonderful thing in its moral training. Take, for instance, foot-ball. As one who played in the rush line, I cannot think of the game without wanting to be there in the midst of it once more. Games are good to us for amusement, and clean amusement, like clean work, is a means by which character attains its full stature. We must see to it that, as Roger Ascham says, "honest pastime may recover again that place and right that idleness, unthrifty gaming and vice hath put it from." The only true sportsman is he who defends the dignity of sport. I come now to the second reason why we must take the beam out of our eye, because self-respect demands it. "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world if he lose his own soul?" What does it profit you to gain the prize at bridge whist and lose just so much more of your self-respect, of your character? What does it profit you? I am ashamed to be obliged to plead with people to give up that which is degrading.

And thirdly, you are out here in the Philippine Islands not for a little gaiety and pleasure, not merely in order that you may make money, not that you may get fame and prominence. You are in the Philippine

Islands as representatives of the American nation, and the American nation is going to be judged by the Filipinos from what you do and what you say. And here we have a movement among Filipinos to purify life, and American society must lend them positive aid. It is impossible for us to do it until we pluck the beam out of our own eye. Then we shall have power to spread our collective suggestion as a force making for righteousness. Here is a chance for American women to be true leaders in good as the women of an Italian mob are in evil.

XVI

LEADERSHIP IN THE STATE¹

So he fed them according to the integrity of his heart; and guided them by the skilfulness of his hands. Psalm lxxviii, 72.

HOW great it must be to pursue a career that justifies such a record as this in the annals of history ! This leader, King David, both fed and guided his people, exhibiting moral integrity—lost once, but regained—and statesmanlike efficiency. The Psalmist's estimate of his leadership indicates the two main qualities which should always and everywhere characterize statesmen and rulers—(1) integrity of moral character; and (2) skilfulness or trained ability, and in this order.

We are to consider leadership in the State this morning, and in spite of the difference between ancient and modern conditions, we find requirements for those who hold high office to be substantially the same now as then. The construction of the twentieth-century State is not fundamentally different from the theocratic

¹ Preached on Sunday, November 11, 1906, at the Cathedral of S. Mary and S. John, Manila.

kingdom of which David was monarch, though it may be such as to display leadership in a one-sided way. Our leaders from the President down are looked upon as the representatives of the people—which indeed they are. But because another aspect of their character is obscured it does not alter the fact that that aspect is still theirs as an unused or only partially used dynamic. Though our rulers by their mode of appointment are manifestly the representatives of the people, they are none the less the representatives of God if they have come to their office by legitimate and honorable means. At first sight it looks as though Saul and David were God-appointed, and our President and his cabinet man-appointed. But this is only a deceptive appearance unwarranted by fact. The instrument through which Saul or David became God's appointee and representative was a man, a prophet. It is fitting and only what we should expect that, under the Christian order where all the Lord's people are prophets, God should designate his appointee through many men, the democracy.

Man's hand is none the less the agent of achievement because machinery is its auxiliary and means of accomplishment. Democracy has grown proud in its power, and until a moment ago thought that it was mighty to make and unmake its rulers, who were to be and act only as its representatives. But the thoughtful man

to-day sees the very foundations of society uneasy and insecure, not because our rulers deem themselves to be representatives of the populace, but because they stop at that. The only thing that will save us is the recovery into our practical politics of the unalterable principle that a ruler, whatever his mode of selection, is the representative of God to the people in the sphere of the State. The divine right of kings is untrue only so far as it excludes the correlative divine right of the people. The President to-day is as truly God's appointee as was David. Because a ruler is the representative of man, this does not militate against—rather does it supplement—his character as representative of God. It is this that the American people must press upon those who are placed in office by their vote. The permanence and health of the Republic depend upon its acceptance and recognition by ruler and ruled alike.

The priestly idea runs through the whole of life, and no Christian at any rate, can escape from it—least of all the statesman. In his sphere and for the purpose of his office, the leader in the State is as really God's ambassador charged with the execution of His will as the prophet or the priest. Let the thought come home to a man and he will find himself at once under the spell of vocation. Have you ever, even for a moment, through a flash of inner conviction, felt yourself God's appointee

for a given task? If you have, you know its inspiring force, a force which should not be occasional, for it was designed by God for common use in every-day life. It lifts its happy victim into the higher reaches of self-respect, and thence into that restless passion for integrity or righteousness that never slumbers nor pauses in its quest. A sense of vocation can be distinguished from fatalism as easily as Christ can be distinguished from Mahomet.

A statesman with a sense of Divine vocation cannot fail to place integrity behind and beneath skill as its background and support. He will never be content to inscribe on his banner the *laissez-faire* doctrine of "Let well enough alone." To him the "better is the enemy of the good," the best, the enemy of the better.

Integrity must take first place in leadership, for a leader feeds before he leads. Only the fed have strength to follow. Integrity alone feeds human life. Skill interests, amuses, disciplines, perplexes, guides.

The value of integrity as a qualification for leadership is brought out in startling relief by the recent words of Dr. Nitobe, Professor of Political Economy in Kyoto Imperial University: "Up till recently Japan has been what the Germans call a *Rechtstaat*, a legally organized state, a skeleton with little or no moral flesh on it. And it is to Christianity that we must look to give us the

moral flesh. It is as a state, and not as a society that we have made changes and progress, and now the time has come to make changes in society. This is dependent on the personal character of those in places of leadership and authority, and personal character is best improved or changed by Christianity. That people in general believe that Christianity is the best former of character is evidenced by the fact so many of the characters in popular Japanese novels and dramas are Christian." Thus it is that a Japanese calls us back to Christian integrity as the highest quality of leadership.

A true leader's "personal character is indissolubly linked to the events the course of which" he helps to determine. Upon his integrity depends his ability to select as his assistants men of integrity, or to create integrity in others. It is only like that discerns like, only like that appeals to like, only like that kindles like. Moral earnestness never yet failed in a worthy following.

Skill is integrity's efficient hand-maid—or else ambition's dangerous weapon. A short time since, an English statesman died of whom history writes that his moral earnestness and integrity were greater than his qualities as statesman and orator. The judgment of to-day will not be altered by our successors a hundred years hence. Just a century ago, on the other hand, a great orator, one who aspired to be a leader, died. Under

the magic of his genius, Wordsworth, plunged in grief, wrote of Charles James Fox as he lay dying:

*And many thousands now are sad:—
Wait the fulfilment of their fear;
For he must die who is their stay,
Their glory disappear.*

But listen to the melancholy verdict of to-day on this man whose skill had not the life-long support of integrity: "We have no desire to condemn Fox because of the excesses of his life, and we are aware that profligates have by no means always been incapable of making sacrifices for high causes. In Fox's case, however, the unbridled indulgence of his passions had "hardened all within and petrified the feeling to such an extent that he had become incapable of great actions, though, we admit, not of great speeches. When it was proposed to Cromwell that Charles II should marry his daughter, and as his successor unite the warring elements in the State, Cromwell cut short the proposal with the remark: 'He is so damnably debauched that he would undo us all.'"

God forbid that I should strive to exclude a penitent with trained ability from high office; but my influence will ever be the assailant of an impenitent, however skilled, who asks for the confidence of my fellow-citizens. If a man has offended publicly and sinned as with

a cart rope his penitence must be as public and as intense as his sin, before he has any right to ask a commonwealth for the position of guardian of public morals.

This principle must hold good wherever and by whomsoever appointments are made—whether by the people or the President—viz., that political advantages or the transcendent skill of the person concerned may never be pleaded as a reason for ignoring grave moral defects in an aspirant to office; a single instance of this—and I should be a coward if I failed to say that there are evidences in appointments made in Washington to-day that political expediency is sometimes allowed to outweigh serious offences—should not pass without rebuke, for it strikes at the very root of democracy. Nor is it mere innocuousness or blamelessness that we must require of our leaders, but aggressive righteousness. The blamelessness of innocence is for childhood; manhood's goodness must wear a more fiery garb. It is insufficient that a leader express his moral feeling solely in connection with his formal work. The professional statesman is as objectionable as the professional clergyman. From the throne of officialdom, manhood, integrity, righteousness have a chance to seize upon and shape those spasms of popular enthusiasm for the betterment of society which are hardly ever wanting.

“But,” you ask, “why spend all this time on the

qualifications of a leader? We whom you address are not at the head of the State." No, but you choose who shall be; and your expectations temper the course of your leaders when they have been elected. If we have a low conception of their duty, we shall probably get from them a low degree of achievement. Why did the country from end to end ring with the praises of the Senate a while since? It was because we have allowed ourselves to be satisfied with a low standard from them, and when they did part of their duty we lauded them as if they had done us a special favor, though they were shamefully delinquent in other respects. It is a compliment to require much of our leaders. To look to them as active and conscious promoters of righteousness is only what we owe them and ourselves. Having invited them to assume office, we indicate the full breadth of their opportunity by exacting high things of them. To say, as I did a short time since, that a great opportunity for moral leadership—an opportunity which is rapidly dying, and will soon be dead—was open in these Islands to those who hold in their hands the reins of authority, was and is the highest expression of confidence and expectation that could be offered official life. Leaders will be pretty much what we expect them to be. When we steadily look for moral leadership in our State authorities we shall get it. Just because moral authority

has ceased to be centralized in the clergy, the duty of everyone to exercise it who occupies the vantage ground of position is doubled.

Public acts call for public comment and discussion. Criticism is the fruit of discussion. But criticism is not peevish complaining under the breath. It is frank and open, aiming to reach the ears of those who are being tried in the balances. The nation is a large family and, however careful diplomats must be in handling the affairs of other nations, the almost brutal frankness of the family, a frankness that is one of its finest disciplines, should characterize the course of citizenship. It is not that we have too much criticism, but it is that it is random and is uttered in too low a tone. You who are in touch with social life here know what the topic of the moment is. Remember that our duty is not to talk *sotto-voce* but in such tones as shall reach the Capitol. The question is not whether our judgment is just or unjust, true or untrue: it is sincere and well-nigh unanimous, and its worth must be decided by those who are the objects of our criticism.

It is the weak who get angry and resentful of criticism thereby incapacitating themselves to determine whether the criticism is just or unjust. The strong man, if he does not court criticism like Darwin, or the French philosopher who considered his work at a standstill

because there was a pause in contradiction, at any rate weighs it carefully, accepting and using what is just, and when it is not just suffering fools gladly. Gladstone lived for more than sixty years in the public eye, and as a party leader was exposed to angry and sometimes spiteful criticism, but there stands on record against him "no malignant word and no vindictive act. This was due not perhaps entirely to natural sweetness of disposition, but rather to self-control and to a certain largeness of soul which would not condescend to anything mean or petty." A wise leader who has integrity of heart recognizes that his ideals and convictions become really his own only so far as they have been tried in every furnace and come out, perhaps not unscathed, but at least refined and purified.

Seldom has a man seen with clearer eye the depths as well as the heights of leadership than Fessenden when in Reconstruction days he made the Senate chamber echo to these memorable words: "When, Mr. President, a man, however eminent in other pursuits, and whatever claims he may have to public confidence, becomes a member of this body, he has much to learn and much to endure. Little does he know of what he will have to encounter. He may be well read in public affairs, but he is unaware of the difficulties which must attend and embarrass every effort to render what he may know

available and useful. He may be upright in purpose and strong in the belief of his own integrity, but he cannot even dream of the ordeal to which he cannot fail to be exposed; of how much courage he must possess to resist the temptations which must daily beset him; of that sensitive shrinking from undeserved censure which he must learn to control; of the ever recurring contest between a natural desire for public approbation and a sense of public duty; of the load of injustice he must be content to bear even from those who should be his friends; the imputations on his motives; the sneers and sarcasms of ignorance and malice; all the manifold injuries which partisan or private malignity, disappointed of its object, may shower upon his unprotected head. All this, if he would retain his integrity, he must learn to bear unmoved and walk steadily onward in the path of public duty, sustained only by the reflection that time may do him justice; or if not, that his individual hopes and aspirations and even his name among men should be of little account to him when weighed in the balance of a people of whose destiny he is a constituted guardian and defender."

Let me close with two brief reflections.

1. The nation holds a high place in God's scheme for humanity here and hereafter. It is worth making sacrifices for. Just because God reckons with it as with

His own handiwork, integrity not less than skill should shine like jewels upon the brow of statesmen and leaders.

2. It is the peculiar function of democracy to create great leaders. These leaders will be increasingly great as the democracy from which they spring is progressively high-minded and sensitive to the moral law. We have had great leaders in the past, and we shall have them again in the future. But we are the democracy and we must mend its quality not only by asking that it may be strengthened from above, but also by ourselves strengthening it below "with our hope and our anger and our youth." Though every man should be scanning the horizon for a leader, "every man ought to be waiting for a chance to lead. If a god does come upon the earth, he will descend at the sight of the brave. . . . The great man will come when all of us are feeling great, not when all of us are feeling small. He will ride in at some splendid moment when we all feel that we could do without him." And he will feed us according to the integrity of his heart, and guide us by the skilfulness of his hands.

XVII

THE MISUNDERSTOOD¹

In the midst of you standeth one whom ye know not. John i, 26.

AT first sight it seems absurd to say that we do not know the people with whom we rub shoulders daily. We certainly act as though we did. Our judgment of character is usually swift and smug.

Unfortunately experience teaches us that physical and social propinquity by no means connotes mutual understanding. As a matter of fact frequently those who are our nearest and should be our dearest are least known and most misunderstood. This horrid contradiction is so common as to give rise to such proverbial sayings as "Familiarity breeds contempt," and, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country and his own house."

It takes some extraordinary crisis or happening to light up a nearby character so that we can honestly say we know it. Death is a torch showing the living the

¹ Preached at the American Cathedral, Manila, on Sunday, 22d of December, 1912.

true value of the man who has died. The greatest men have been accounted a scourge and nuisance by their beneficiaries and have been swept out of time by the hemlock cup or the sword or the cross at the hand of those whose children, decades later, are destined to pay them the honor which was due during their life time.

The heights and depths of human nature are vast. As we see it ourselves it transcends our ability to know it. Self-deceit is a rampant defect, and the gulf between what we are and what we flatter ourselves into thinking we are may be, and usually is, as profound as the Nero Deep. If I was looking for an approximate measure of myself from outside, I would strike a mean between the verdict of an intelligent friend and an intelligent enemy.

The ordinary man is too near himself and his comrades to read values clearly. That which distinguishes great leadership is developed ability to know men and to read their powers. A person may be talented in many other respects but he cannot be a big statesman or a powerful administrator unless he is a discernor of spirits.

The distinction between our Lord's choicest companions and Himself was that He knew them through and through, whereas they were ignorant both of themselves and, except at moments and in spots, of Him. "He knew all men." "He needed not that anyone

should bear witness concerning man: for He Himself knew what was in man." Even S. John Baptist had to admit that, forerunner as he was, "he knew Him not," until knowledge was forced into him by revelation. So it is with all of us—we cannot know anyone, big or small, without revelation. Psychology by itself is a *cul-de-sac*.

The completeness of our Lord's knowledge of men begins in His ability to ascribe true value to the least. It is not extraordinary to be able to see and admire the great proportions of a mountain, but it takes gifts to discern the significance of Wordsworth's cowslip by the river's brim, or Tennyson's flower in the crannied wall. The Lord first saw the true value of the little child and of the outcast, which was rather trying to His self-important comrades. And most great men have accentuated their greatness by their recognition of the least, as when Lincoln stopped his labor on the affairs of state to inquire the cause of a baby's tears, and worried grim generals by habitually pardoning deserters.

We are beginning to realize that we do not know much about children. Froebel, a while since, made us sit up and think, and now Montessori proposes revolutionary methods of training.

Well do I recall one of the earlier meetings of the Prison Congress with ex-President Hayes and Phillips

Brooks as its towering figures. The advanced thought on penology which first found utterance on that occasion would sound old-fashioned indeed among the men of our day who maintain that the difference between criminals and other people is that the former are behind bars and the latter are not.

Again, where wise men were once ready to give in flowing speech an accurate description of the processes of thought and interior life of foreign peoples, we are now hesitant and apologetic when international problems compel us to the study of Oriental or African. Do you and I think we know the Filipino? We are well aware of his misunderstanding of us and his misinterpretations of our life, and we are pretty well convinced that we have at any rate about as incomplete a knowledge of him and his customs.

The least man demands our strictest attention and largest sympathy whether he be a pagan of the Luzon hills or a Moro of the fertile valleys of the South. Just now our minds are constrained to consider with unwonted earnestness the whole Moro problem. A tragedy of exceeding bitterness has devastated and outraged our American community.¹ The quick justice meted out to the criminal does not satisfy the demands

¹ The death of Captain Watson and the wounding of Lieutenant Edmunds at the hands of a *juramentado*.

of the situation. It is not to the discredit of the brave and wise men who from the first have grappled with the problem that we should be obliged to admit that it remains still an unsolved problem. Tragedy has marked the course of our work among the Moros. Tragedy may be and often is a necessary part of justice and progress. Nature herself is red with ravin tooth and claw. But tragedy is never less than tragedy in that it is always violence. We know well how our own hearts ache over the brave young lives of men, in whose veins runs our own blood, laid low by treacherous Kris. But let us be fair and think of the oceans of tears that have been caused by our arms among those our fellow humans in the South, and let us show our true greatness by a restudy of the whole matter, least though possibly the Moro be. I speak as a student rather than a critic. I speak as one who has traversed a considerable part of the Moro Province, and who, amid many discouragements and with meagre facilities, has had a great longing to do something for the Moro to emancipate him from his semi-savagery and mad fanaticism.

Consider first the magnitude of our opportunity. Here in the Moro Province is the only spot under the American flag where we are confronted with Islam. Would it not be worth while to make some real contribution toward the solution of this world problem

which lingers in Europe as a plague spot and threatens the peace, not to say the integrity, of the Indian Empire? We have it in our power to do so. May it not be that we have hitherto been dealing with the question too much as a purely local one, whereas it is the whole problem of Islamism that confronts and challenges us in Mindanao and Jolo. The Mohammedan world is a unified and sensitive organism. To touch it here is to set it quivering there. A word in Europe to the Turk sets the wild Pathan tribes in Asia aflame.

“Islam tolerates no other religions”—I quote in the words of an expert—“God demands their suppression; unfortunately the conditions of the age forbid Holy War against unbelievers; it is coming however; one must arm oneself betimes. That is the sorcerer’s business; they go up and down the country undertaking to make young men invulnerable, to endow the chief’s fighting men with the power to cross the ocean; they know the magic circle which no bullet can penetrate and the charms by which the bullets of European ‘Satan weapons’ may be turned to water; gaping wounds close at their word and the dead come to life again. So it will be in the last great conflict between the Christian unbelievers and dogs of heathen and the Mohammedans. No wonder that the naturally easy-going heathen becomes a fanatic in such a school. Fanaticism, however, makes him un-

receptive to any religious or civilizing influence on the part of the hated Christians, and his fanaticism daily receives fresh fuel. Once the Mohammedan knows how to perform his ablutions and the sacred rites with the appointed formulæ, he becomes possessed by the feeling, 'I alone am clean among the unclean!' When he prostrates himself at prayer five times a day, he touches the dust with his forehead and murmurs, 'Allah is great,' and he has a vivid sense that he alone is a believer among all the unbelievers. Fanaticism is naturally what the Mohammedan convert acquires first, because it needs no scholarship. Whereas he may be lacking in knowledge, he can easily equal the Mecca pilgrims in the art of rating and cursing the unbeliever. Although, unfortunately, he may not be able to wield weapons against the all powerful whites, he can mock and despise them in his heart. And all this is rendering service to God."¹

Accepting this statement as true, it is obvious that repression and severe chastisement cannot go far to remedy matters. The only discipline that can cure fatalism is that which was meted out to the Mahdi's army by Kitchener—annihilation. We are prepared for no such policy. What is the significance of the *juramentado*? Is it not actual, though limited, Holy War?

¹ D. Gottfried Simon in *The Mohammedan World*, vol. ii, No. 4.

Thus far we have done nothing except to sweep the doorstep. We must set to work with redoubled efforts to enlighten the Moro intelligence as to our aim and purpose. "A profound misunderstanding intervenes between Christian and Moslem civilization, due to the disappointments, the humiliations, and the ruin that the 'policy' of Western ethics brings to the East—and nothing which will be firm and lasting can be done to improve these relations so long as the obstacle of legitimate suspicion endures."¹

If we, with all our culture and discernment, find it difficult to read the silent, sullen peoples, how much more difficult must it be for a race like the Moros, allied to all the worst that is in Islam but with little of its civilization or order and none of its redeeming qualities—how much more difficult, I say, must it be for them with their limited outlook and elements of savagery to understand Western civilization with its heights and depths, its disciplines and aggressions, its promises and contradictions! No negations, however wise and austere, can do anything by themselves to cure the evil. Repression will but drive them more deeply into their inscrutable selves. A constructive policy has already been in operation for years, but do we not need to increase our emphasis of it, and inaugurate a glowing

¹ Professor Le Chatelier in *The Moslem World*, vol. ii, No. 4.

campaign of philanthropy and friendliness, before the cobwebs of suspicion and the red fanaticism of hatred can be banished. It might cost something, more than the Moro Province could support, to build a line of hospitals and support an adequate corps of doctors and nurses throughout the Province. But what a magnificent thing it would be to do this! There are lots of men and women who would find in the risk the stimulus that makes life worth living and death worth dying. And again, how quickly distrust and hatred would be melted into kindly feeling, if the able superintendent of schools of the Moro Province were given by the American Government the facilities and staff he needs to reach in some adequate way the thousands of little Moro children whose only school to-day is that of superstition and fanaticism. I can think of no more effective agency for the promotion of friendliness than a carefully planned industrial school on a large scale established somewhere, at Lake Lanao or in Jolo, where the people seem most irreconcilable. The experiment is worthy of the American Government and her distinguished representatives on the spot. We might fail, but if we did it would not be because the ideal does not ring true; anyhow failure in such a project would not be a disgrace. This is certain. The only real success won thus far in the Mohammedan world by Christian

effort has been due to the agencies of hospitals and schools.

I have spoken thus freely because this problem is every Christian's responsibility. It is a religious problem before it is political. We are far from knowing these least of God's children, and until we look at things through their eyes conditions will continue awry. It will be by coming to know the greatest that we shall learn to know the least. "In the midst of you standeth one whom ye know not." Christ and Christ's methods are the key to the Moro problem. It is rash indeed to plunge into any human problem without Christ as leader. He is at hand, that is, within easy reach. We must come to know Him, the greatest, and in Him learn to read the least. Many take Him on hearsay, and worship and serve an idea of Him rather than Himself. The result is schism. Other some take His methods on hearsay rather than study them—they are writ large—for themselves. The result is blunders.

The converse, paradoxical as it may seem, is equally true. We get to know the greatest by getting to know the least. Men like Wilberforce and Henry Martyn and Livingstone, in their self-regardlessness, and their fiery love for slave and Mohammedan and savage, knew more of God than the orthodox dilettante full of theology and prayers can ever hope to know.

If we commit our problem to God and bring God to our problem, we shall be called foolhardy by some, but it is this very foolishness which has proved the one powerful thing in history. We shall be called to a venture of faith. Like those fearless adventurers of whom Columbus is the type we must launch out in the frail bark of experiment, and seeking an old land we shall find a new.

“They were dominated by a superior force, impelling them across unknown seas to the discovery of the unseen but truly imagined land. It is useless to ask them what they seek and whither they go. They only know that they are pressing forward, and drawing the world after them in their course—nothing more. Nor should we wonder at their unconsciousness for it is their essential characteristic and merit. They disperse the darkness, and cleave a passage for the new road, rather by the force of will and faith, than by force of reason. Theirs is the prophetic mind, the hero’s heart, the martyr’s fate. The world, in fact, is horror-struck by this new race of Titans springing to the overthrow of old idols and soon seeks to crush them; but before long begins to worship their traces and follow in their steps.”¹

The problem is a challenge and an opportunity.

¹ Villari’s *Savonarola*.

XVIII

THE WEAK FOR THE STRONG ¹

Now we that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves. Rom. xv, 1.

THE writer of these words had that faculty of getting at the heart of things which all of us covet but few of us possess. Even in dealing with matters of comparative indifference he appeals to a principle so profound as to form the basis of all Christian life and action. It is not my purpose to discuss the question which called forth his words, but rather to consider the principle itself in its broadest aspects. It is this—that all strength, physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual is for use in the haunts of weakness for the purpose of dissipating infirmity of whatever sort. Strength is not a luxury but a force, not a toy for self-pleasing, but an instrument for effective use. So far as men surrender themselves unreservedly to the control of this principle

¹ Preached at the Church of Great S. Mary, Cambridge, on February 16, 1908.

they contribute to the advancement of God's Kingdom among men; so far as they are shy of it they impede its progress. Life to-day is suffering from a twofold disease—congestion on the one hand and impoverishment on the other. Congestion is due to the focussing of strength and separating it from weakness, thus leaving the weak to huddle together in a condition of impoverishment. The cure consists in congestion laying its form on impoverishment, eye to eye, lip to lip, as the prophet laid his body instinct with life upon the body of the dead boy.

“We who are strong.” Mark the tone of the speaker, its conviction, its exultation. He knows he is strong, this man of mean presence and uneloquent lips. It is no mark of humility to pretend that we have not that which we know we have. Humility does not allow of the self-complacent contemplation of one's own ability though it requires honest admission of obvious and undeniable fact. So S. Paul admits his strength and groups himself with the strong. I have tried to think of him as he must have looked when he uttered such words as these. Weak though he was in bodily presence the inner fire must have shone through the window of his countenance. I was looking last week at the painting of Archbishop Temple that hangs on the walls of Lambeth Palace. His portrait seems to be the emblem of the

strength with which England is endowed. He looks like a towering rock that has been beaten by the hostile waves in vain, each new assault but adding to his power; or like a mountain peak combed clean by the teeth of a gale—better still like strength that has seen the vision of weakness and is hastening to its rescue. S. Paul must have had some such look in his face when he heard the appeal of weakness beating at the door of his strength. He does not think it a cold duty to use his strength in behalf of the weak, but a joy—the joy of fitness.

Strength for practical purposes exists only when it is in operation. It only becomes ours when we use it to make it the property of others. We cannot place it apart from personality, and analyze it as we would a specimen under a microscope. The use of strength for self-pleasing is not use; it is abuse. It is like a machine operating for its own consumption, using up again that which it produces. It is employing an instrument as a toy. In the house of a savage chief, far remote from civilization, I saw hanging on the wall a common garden rake with the shop paint untarnished. In his ignorance this wild man was using as a decoration that which was intended for an aid to cultivation. We smile. But after all it was no more ridiculous than our own behavior is. Our so-called civilization is cluttered up with privilege and culture lying about in wasteful and idle profusion,

God-given instruments used as ornaments or toys. Endowments represent not merely responsibility, but aids to efficiency, the enlargement of ability to help others. Privilege and culture should not separate us from the multitude; they should drive us into the heart of the suffering crowd. Culture should increase our sensitiveness and sympathy to such a degree as to make us peculiarly quick to discern the needs of the weak; privilege should place in our hands effective instruments wherewith to solve the problems discovered by culture's keen eyes. The expert use of privilege is perhaps our chiefest need just now. Socialism has the right impulse but the wrong method. It tries to make life a dead level by a system. Christianity on the other hand endeavors by a gospel of brotherhood to place the strong in such relation to the weak as to make life as though it were even. It has no system by which it accomplishes a final solution, no scheme that will do the thing up once and for all. It is an endless output of the best wisdom from day to day. Practical schemes are used but not relied upon. The gospel of science is system; the gospel of philanthropy is contribution; the gospel of Christianity is sharing.

I am convinced too that the only tenable conception of Christian practice is what has been called the "Prodigal Son Conception"—that is to say that our sharing

must reach to the depths, even to those whom society dismisses as worthless. For them, the outcast of the slums and the weak tribes of the hills, as well as for the man of manifest though undeveloped capacity and the populous nations, the motto is "*optimum vix satis.*"

It is better to abandon privilege than to let it lie idle or only half use it. One day a young man of such fine qualities came into the presence of our Lord that He loved him at sight. He was as we would say a man of character. But the Master bade him sell all that he had and give to the poor. Why? Do you think that if that young man had been using his strength in behalf of the weak any such injunction would have been laid on him? I believe not. The penetrating eye of the Master saw that he was not strong enough to do that most difficult thing, which makes it passing hard for those who have riches to enter into the Kingdom of God—viz., to use them effectively as a trust in behalf of the whole social body, and He bade him surrender them at once and completely. There is the alternative for all time,—privilege must be used or relinquished. I believe that it is an easier and in many instances a less heroic thing to relinquish than to use. Hence our Lord's words, "how hardly shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of Heaven," not a condemnation but a challenge,

not a discouragement but a trumpet call cheering the privileged up to the heights of their opportunity.

It is incumbent upon us who belong to richly privileged and blessed nations to say exultantly, "we are strong." Then immediately our consciousness is charged with the injunction to use our composite, national strength in behalf of the nations and peoples who are weak. The nation that thinks only of self-aggrandizement is an impediment to world progress. The American people were very much tempted to mere self-applause until in the providential ruling we found ourselves with heavy responsibilities far afield. Our Pharisaic spirit moved us to thank God that we were not as other nations. But from the moment that we faced the problem of administering Philippine affairs the leaders of the American Republic determined that our policy should be one of constructive beneficence, aiming at the building up of the Filipinos and encouraging their capacity to rise to its fullest degree of development. This course has been consistently pursued in spite of the hindrances of selfish politicians. Exploitation of the Filipinos has been discouraged and unselfish projects put into effect. The native interests have always been given not merely a prominent, but the first, place.

The situation is unique. The population consists of upwards of 7,500,000 people of Malay stock, of whom

all excepting less than one seventh have been more or less brought under the influence of Christianity. From 1521 until the end of the last century they were under the tutelage of Spain. To the Spanish friars they owe all that they are. When Magallanes discovered the Islands Mohammedanism was sweeping northward with its compelling power and had already reached Manila. But the Cross conquered the Crescent and a people naturally pious were wrested from the fanaticism of Islam—a truly unprecedented achievement.

The rule of the friars came to a close with the end of the Spanish and the beginning of the American sovereignty. Nor shall we throw stones on their graves even though their latter days were not free from shame. They performed a good work and disappeared as being out of date. They were valuable in their time just as the feudal system was good in its time. But the old order has passed away and a new epoch has been ushered in.

Through the work of the friars a whole Oriental population was Christianized. It has no parallel in history. Its most obvious result is that it groups a Malay people with Christianized nations so that they naturally look to Europe and America rather than to the Asiatics with whom they would seem to have closer affiliations by virtue of propinquity and racial origin.

They resist vigorously the faintest suggestion of Japanese domination, and while it is not uncommon for Chinese (of whom there are about 45,000 in the Islands) to marry Filipinas, they heartily approve of and enforce the Chinese Exclusion Act. If a Chinese marries a Filipina, he must first be baptized.

Because of the Christianity of the Filipinos we have reason to believe that in time constitutional government and democratic principles may prevail among them. Republicanism, and indeed all government as the Western mind understands the word, I think I am right in this generalization, have taken root only where Christianity has paved the way. Democracy is an application of the Christian principle of brotherhood to the science of government. America's work is to educate the Filipinos in the responsibility of self-government with the aim and expectation of turning merely racial into national self-consciousness as time goes on. We look for no gain to ourselves except the gain that comes from strength spending itself in behalf of weakness.

With American sovereignty has been introduced the ideal so dear to American life of a free Christianity in a free state. We Americans feel that Christianity has its highest moral and spiritual opportunity when it is thrown on its own merits, and the prestige that belongs solely to its past history and its present character. So

we believe we are adding strength and not weakness to Philippine life when we open the door to every phase of Christian belief that cares to establish itself among the Filipinos. Of course it means a revolution in native thought. Hitherto there had been uniformity, uniformity which, according to its wont, had become diseased. No form of Christianity but Latin was tolerated or allowed. Now various missionary agencies are actively at work. The effect has been to rouse the venerable Church which had grown moss-covered during its more than three centuries of undisputed rule, to new moral and spiritual vigor. It is significant that the free Christianity of America is conspicuous for missionary spirit. The Orient is well served by American denominations as, *e. g.* the work of the Congregationalists in the Turkish Empire, of the Presbyterians in India, of the Methodists in the Strait Settlements and Federated Malay States, of the Baptists in Burma, and of our own Church in China and Japan—to go no further—amply attests.

Nor, as I am convinced, is there need of ecclesiastical war where there are various Christian Churches laboring side by side. Not that I advocate toleration as the word is usually understood. I do not believe in toleration with its condescending spirit—except perhaps the toleration which S. Paul commends when he advises us

to suffer fools gladly. There is something bigger and finer than toleration. I mean magnanimity, that Christian virtue that does not carp at what it cannot understand or fails to agree with; that avoids controversy except as a last resort, and when it is forced to it conducts it on the highest plane; that deprecates proselytism and scorns to build up its walls with materials torn out of a neighbor's building; that looks for evidences of God's Spirit wherever Christ is sincerely preached. At any rate it is with this ideal that our Church has entered into Philippine life.

The task we have in hand is not a local one, it is a fragment of the task that falls upon the shoulders of every strong nation—the task of ministering out of the abundance of Western privilege to the whole of the vast Orient. We who have Christ are strong and we must go to those who having Him not, are weak, whatever their wealth may be. All great national questions during the next hundred years will centre in the Orient. The home land will not suffer impoverishment by giving lavishly of her choicest sons. They are the very men who ought to rejoice to go just because they are strong and strength's unalterable commission is to go to the weak. The East is calling some of you, and you must respond as becomes men who, knowing that they can live this life but once, are bent on high adventure. You must

go with that beautiful combination of sympathy and tenderness and strength which will study to understand the oriental character. The old theory was that there is a gulf separating East and West. The new and the true is that all that separates is incidental and all that unites is fundamental. We must search for the essential and build upon it out of the abundance of our wealth.

*“O East is East and West is West
And never the twain shall meet
Till Earth and Sky stand presently
At God’s great judgment seat.
But there is neither East nor West
Border nor breed nor birth
When two strong men stand face to face
Though they come from the ends of the earth.”*

XIX

THE NATION FOR THE NATIONS¹

We who are strong ought to bear the burdens of the weak, and not to please ourselves. Rom. xv, 1.

NO one can hear such words as these without both a sense of shame and a sense of stimulation. For we know that we are strong, and while we are stirred to a proper use of strength we cannot but recall how frequently we have used it amiss. These words are of deep concern to us, for they indicate the right and the wrong way of using strength. Strength is a force, not a luxury—an instrument, not a toy. It is our boast nationally, to whatever Western race we belong, that we are a privileged people. Individually we would count it an insult if we were set down as weaklings. Nor is it any lack of modesty to proclaim ourselves strong, unless we do it for the sake of attracting admiration and centring the eyes of others upon ourselves. We are strong, and let us proclaim it abroad, but let our proclamation be to the weak, as a herald announces to a beleaguered city that

¹ Preached at Trinity Cathedral, Shanghai, February 7, 1909.

help is at hand; as a doctor cheers a sufferer by declaring his beneficent purpose of healing. Yes,—let us proclaim our strength, Christian, national and individual, as not being a possession wherewith to please ourselves but to help the less favored.

Some of us are not conscious of our strength, because strength expresses itself only in that kind of usage which benefits the weak and we are not thus using it. Others again are unconscious of their strength because they are dissipating their force indiscriminately. Though we must use our privilege, whatever it may be, in behalf of the unprivileged, we must do so with judgment. The day of indiscriminate favors is over, for we have found out that there is deep philosophy in the words of Christ which warn us against casting pearls before swine. But the truth none the less holds good that our privilege is for use and not for ornament. The world to-day is suffering from two diseases—congestion on the one hand and impoverishment on the other. The former is due to the fact that the strong combine together, and the latter to the fact that the weak are driven into a fatal inbreeding that always intensifies weakness. The task of the hour is to bring congestion over against impoverishment, nationally and internationally, that the twofold disease may disappear. Congestion is just as grave an evil as impoverishment. Extremes meet and

the tinsel-decked body of congestion is just as grossly materialistic as the squalid features of impoverishment.

Let us consider some aspects of the strength with which we are endowed. We naturally think first of what is called civilization, but civilization considered merely as material progress is at best an ephemeral thing and bound to disappear. If we give ourselves time to think we realize that our boasted civilization of the West, considered as a purely material thing, is susceptible to decay as certainly as the great civilizations of ancient days. What remains of the wonderful material development of Egypt? Nothing but a few broken columns and some splashes of paint on the walls of sand-buried tombs.

It is claimed, and with justice, that our civilization differs from that which has gone before in that it is the product of Eternal forces. Its foundation is not materialistic but spiritual. It is built upon a peculiar Religion and is dependent for its continuance upon a social structure, that is a direct product of that Religion. Christianity is the mother of the civilization of which we are a part. Sceptics may decry faith as a theological virtue too transcendent for men of action, but it none the less remains a fact that the whole fabric of society is dependent for its existence upon it. Faith in the unseen has bred faith in the seen. Men believe in one another

because men believe in God, and that belief, which we call faith, is a cord more delicate than a spider's web and stronger than a cable of steel. Faith binds the civilized world together in that measure of unity which has been achieved, and it is faith in character created by Christianity. The most practical product of Christianity is moral integrity. Any failure to trust the moral integrity of the stewards of society culminates in disaster. A year ago in America, because a little wave of distrust appeared on the surface of life, there came about such a dislocation in finance as to cause national disaster, and before that distrust had spent itself the entire world felt the effect. Our system of credit is built upon faith—faith in moral integrity. I have been told by a great financier that our cash transactions are a tiny percentage of our business negotiations, so that whenever faith gives place to distrust the entire structure of society is threatened.

We see then, that civilization is dependent for its very existence upon character, and I will go further and affirm that character, as we believe in it, is dependent upon Christianity. It has been suggested that morality would survive even if revealed religion should decline. I am deeply convinced that such could not be the case. A river cut off from its source may run for a while and trickle for a considerable period longer, but eventually

it will disappear entirely. If morality should survive religion for a period it would only bear testimony to the fact that Christianity had done its work so well that its results would continue to struggle for an existence.

Progress without a morality-producing religion is fatal to the individual and the nation. In the Constitution Congress last August "to consider the political constitutions of the French Republic, the United Kingdom and the United States, with special reference to the safeguards they provide for maintaining personal liberty and responsibility," it was brought out clearly that the "instrument, be it never so cunningly devised, is of small moment compared with the forces that operate it. These may vary somewhat in accordance with national characteristics, but the relationship of the governors and the governed is really a problem of society and not of nations." This view was affirmed by Mr. Gibson Bowles who remarked in the course of his address on ancient principles and modern practice of the British Constitution, that the first safeguard of all is the character of the ministers, members, and people. At last the working of the constitution depends upon the characters and support of every individual who exercises under it any power.

The characteristic prefix of our day is "inter." Internationalism stands as the practical expression of a

mutual service among nations, each giving to each, the strong bearing the burdens of the weak. And the responsibility and inspiring opportunity is upon the shoulders of those great nations of the West of which you and I are citizens. So too in religion. Inter-denominationalism is a step toward unity. Do not misunderstand me. I am not supporting that menace to religion, undenominationalism any more than I would support un-nationalism, were there such a thing. Internationalism and interdenominationalism on the other hand stand alike for magnanimity based on conviction, and bear the marks of strength, not weakness.

Our desire is to give the Orient civilization. We who are living in the Far East, if we are justified in being here, are using our strength not merely to get a living, but to minister to the people among whom we live out of the wealth of our privilege. Overt exploitation of foreign nations, especially the weak and ignorant, is no longer a possibility, though none of us can think without a blush of shame of the way we took advantage of the peoples of the East to enrich ourselves in past days. God defend us from the re-introduction of such days. Now nation must live for nation, the strong for the weak.

There is no more splendid spectacle in history than England aiding Egypt. That great man Earl Cromer is

a model for all men who live abroad. For twenty-five years he gave his splendid powers for one end—out of his nation's strength to minister to the Egyptian weakness.

Or again, look at India where the effort is being steadily made, criticize as we may the policy in force, to give to the dark-skinned peoples that which is conducive to their well-being. And I am proud myself to be in the thick of the fight in America's first colonial experiment in which our motive is noble even though our mode of expression is faulty.

But let us not make a mistake. Let us not allow civilization and wealth to run ahead of character. All material advance demands a commensurate advance in moral development. Do not make the mistake of supposing that by bestowing material prosperity you are giving a blessing. Prosperity without character is a deadly curse. To-day the children of the prosperous are frequently moral failures because indulgent parents put material safeguards around them so as to rob them of robustness, instead of flinging them bravely out into that wholesome hardness and moral discipline that creates stamina and strength.

Let us go to the source of our civilization and make it our first gift to the East. The religion of Jesus Christ is a necessity before what we understand as civilization

can hold together. The old idea of missionary work has passed away and passed away forever. No longer does the missionary go out with iconoclastic hammer to break down every religion he meets in order to substitute Christianity. He goes rather to turn men's attention to the beauty of native religions in order that he may lift up into the fulfilling religion of Christianity all that is good and all that is holy in the Oriental cults. I cannot forget that it was Earl Cromer who defended the missionary, the philanthropist, the social reformer, who with all their mistakes, carried away by their enthusiasm which is heedless of worldly prudence, effect reforms of the highest importance and lead the administrator and politician to success. Nor can I forget that it was Earl Cromer who said that the first and most important duty of the British representative in Egypt was by example and precept to set up a high standard of morality both in public and private life, in order that he might bring to bear upon the community in which he lived the mighty force of Christian integrity. Whether as individuals or nations we must give our best to the Orient because the lesser things are dependent upon the greater. Though we may be rich, or think ourselves rich in our intellectual pride and our material possessions, we are poor until we know Jesus Christ as our individual friend and our National Saviour. The example of the Master

who pleased not Himself, was to give His character to His fellows—who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might become rich. I know, because I am a man, how the waves of doubt beat against the soul, and difficult it is always to apprehend Christ as the ages have pictured Him to us. But He is available for all who truly seek Him. If He fails us, to whom can we go? From whom can we seek that strength which alone will enable us to bear the infirmities of the weak? Whatever we think of Christ, He stands to-day as the one fascinating, compelling figure in the universe.

XX

NATIONAL STEWARDSHIP¹

Jehovah saith, 'Tis too light for thy being my servant, to raise up the tribes of Jacob, or gather the survivors of Israel. So I will set thee a light of the nations, to be my salvation to the end of the earth. Isaiah xlix, 6.

THIS is a national day and national matters should engross our attention. The daily thankfulness that characterizes normal Christian life, on this annual festival is centred on those blessings which descend upon us as a nation and which come to the individual through the nation by virtue of his citizenship.

The words I have quoted as a text are taken from the records of the people with the most strongly marked nationality in history. During their career, because of their national inefficiency, they had to go through the discipline of bondage under King Nebuchadnezzar. They became "the convicts of God" in Babylon. But Babylon failed in her trust as God's minister of justice. "She unnecessarily and cruelly oppressed them. . . .

¹ A Thanksgiving Day address, delivered in Manila, November 28, 1912.

She used them for her own aggrandizement." So Babylon fell under a curse, and experienced that quick ruin and ultimate loneliness which is the fate of "a merely commercial community," a community "that never had other attractions even for her own citizens than those of gain or of pleasure." Cyrus, God's shepherd, came as a secular messiah to the captive and oppressed Jews. In the year 538 B.C. he gave liberty to the exiles, who returned to Jerusalem to raise up a new city and a new Temple upon the ruins of the old. Cyrus thus furnished the Jews with direct aid in the restoration of their nationalism.

It is to this period that the words of my text belong: "Jehovah saith. 'Tis too light for thy being my servant, to raise up the tribes of Jacob, or gather the survivors of Israel. So I will set thee a light of the nations, to be my salvation to the ends of the earth."¹ The Jewish nation had the task of renewing and unifying its life. But that was insufficient for its capacity. It had also a more exalted and inspiring function. It was to illumine other

¹ "The passage is manifestly a piece of personification. The servant is *Israel*—not now the nation as a whole, not the body and bulk of the Israelites. For they are to be the object of his first efforts, but the loyal, conscious, and effective Israel, realized in some of her members, there personified by our prophet, who himself speaks for her out of his heart, in the first person." George Adam Smith on *Isaiah*, vol. ii, p. 255.

nations and spread its own privileges to the uttermost part of the earth, and, I might add, to the end of time. A prejudiced and cheap criticism claims that "the ill-starred Jewish scriptures have wrought ruin to the mind of the Teutonic nations"; whereas, the truth is that the prophecy which proclaimed the Israel, ideally considered, to be "a light of the nations," and God's "salvation to the end of the earth" has been fulfilled. To-day our deepest privileges are built upon their Messiah, their experiences and their ideals, so that when we render thanks to God it is for blessings which have come, directly or indirectly, through His chosen people, His typical nation, as the instrument.

I wish to lay it down as a fundamental principle that there is no salvation for the individual except in and through society. A state and a church are as necessary to human life as sun and air are necessary to plant or animal life. By salvation I mean the protection and expansion to the limit of human life—a state of permanent security which permits and encourages personal self-development. Disorganize society and at the same time you disturb the "unalienable rights" of the individual. Life is jeopardized, liberty is dislocated, and the pursuit of happiness is checked. On the other hand, build up the well-ordered unity of a nation and you open wide to its citizens privilege and opportunity that

satisfy and stimulate. No one political programme is necessary, but any will suffice which co-ordinates and developes national resources in consonance with the mind, and through the co-operation of a majority of the citizens.

The two great departments of organized society needed for the salvation of the individual, the Church and the State, are interdependent while being distinct and free. The Church deals with men as forming a society which reaches from the remote beginning of human history to the furthest recesses of the hidden future, as citizens of a world-wide and age-long kingdom. The State is defined by Hobbes as "one person for whose acts a great multitude by mutual covenants, one with another, have made themselves the author, to the end that he may use the means and strength of them all as he shall think expedient for their peace and common defence." For the most part the State takes cognizance of the present or the immediate future, affording scope for religion without partiality to its varying expression, and giving its main attention to temporalities and their regulation, so as to afford the utmost liberty to the individual that social integrity will allow.

In our lives as American citizens what are our greatest blessings? Probably we could sum up everything in the

one word liberty. Blessings are bestowed it is true, but they are also won. The higher gifts of civilization are to be had only through personal effort and industry. The State affords us opportunity and facilities, and it is contingent upon our purpose and diligence whether or not we avail ourselves of that which the State offers. Thus we are given in the public schools facilities and opportunity for intellectual training, and we owe to the nation to-day our mental equipment. The American State leaves it open to its citizens to select each his own path. The highest and most honorable positions in politics, commerce, and professional life are a possibility to the least, and there is an honorable road leading to the summit of any honorable vocation. Each citizen has a voice and a hand in shaping the affairs of his immediate community, and also in framing the laws of the nation. There are about us numberless and more or less intangible influences and treasures which are directly the product of our nation and which we accept as commonplaces of civilization. Anxieties relative to health and bodily safety are minimized; defence from the wanton aggression of foreigners, facilities of travel, respect for personal possessions, are so widespread and satisfactory that our critical spirit, if aroused, finds meagre opportunity for exercise. Where privilege is abused and the laws evaded so as to menace the citizen-

ship of the weak and less favored, steady effort is being put forth to remedy the conditions which foster the evil. Philanthropy is fast assuming a new form and, instead of making doles, is aiming to secure for the undermost citizen a fair opportunity for self-realization, a decent environment, and a share in those common benefits which belong to man by right and make it possible for a state to be a commonwealth.

This is a principle which extends to groups of people such as the North American Indians, and to nascent nations like the Filipinos. The State is not a Lady Bountiful scattering largess with condescending hand, but a trustee measuring out justice and giving equitable consideration to all within the boundaries of her stewardship. For us, as for Israel, it is too light that as the servant of God's purposes we should hug our privileges and bestow our attention solely upon our own internal affairs. We too have our mission to the nations, and our duty touches the ends of the earth. Ourselves the children of revolution, we did not chide the Cubans in their revolt, but sheltered them from further molestation and, for the first time in history, a strong nation set in order the affairs of a weak one and turned over to it the management of its national concerns. As for our relation to the Filipinos it can never be anything but one of stewardship. We are pledged not to exploit, but to

develop, not as in the case of Nebuchadnezzar selfishly to promote our commerce and seek our aggrandizement, but to enlarge their industry and foster their aspirations. To those of us, and we are in the majority, who are dispassionate in this matter, no brighter day could dawn than Philippine Independence Day. The aspiration of the Filipino toward autonomy is not merely natural but commendable. The situation would indeed be hopeless were it wanting. We did not give it him; we found him with it. The whole course of our occupation has been to help the Filipino to self-help. He is impatient. We have no right to meet his impatience with counter impatience. If at times we are confronted by what is irrational we must all the more be rational. After all the question between him and us is not one of oppression or tyranny, but rather one of good judgment in determining when and under what conditions to sever the silken cord of friendly guidance which, amid whatever blundering and individual wrongdoing, has from the first bound him and his fellows to America. In this deliberately planned effort to set up independent republics because of a proper respect for nationality, America is a pioneer, blazing a new trail. Other great nations have tried to repress the nationality of weak nations; our programme is to develop it. But we are responsible to the world at large, to the whole family of

nations for the quality of the governments which we set up. We, as trustees, are following not a policy of political expediency, but the voice of conscience and common-sense. We are ready in the future as in the past to take counsel with Filipinos as to what is best for their interests, but our ultimate judgment, based upon the advice of our most experienced men and wisest statesmen when all the evidence is in, must be accepted and acted upon. We have never given much heed to our national dignity in Philippine relations, but a suggestion of open rebellion against American sovereignty, calls for insistence on this principle. The alternative would be, if it were impossible for us to give our best save at the point of the bayonet, immediate and complete withdrawal of the American Government from any participation in or responsibility for Philippine affairs. The new Philippine Government would be left free to choose under whose ægis other than her own to work out her destiny. In case of misdemeanor or incompetence she would have to face the criticism and chastisement of any and every nation offended. America cannot afford to assume responsibility for blunders in government, without being the principal participant in the conduct of affairs. Nor can she ask for the neutrality of other nations in respect of a prospective government, whose stability and efficiency she could not honestly

guarantee or stand surety for. Furthermore, I believe, she will not countenance the shedding of her own life blood and that of the Filipinos, in order to thrust down the throats of an ungrateful and rebellious people privileges, however valuable. But I cannot seriously think of any such dilemma arising, or any such lamentable fate happening to the Philippines. Where no great matter exists to irritate the restless, small matters are magnified until they seem a *casus belli*. Here in this increasingly prosperous and free country, there is no governmental oppression and little to disturb except a matter which is chiefly theory—a question of more or less time for the working out of a purpose concerning which there is no dispute. Were it otherwise, an appeal to some international court of arbitration as at The Hague might possibly be in order. It is simply that some Filipinos wish to be headlong and we to be deliberate.

Probably no patriot is more worthy of being patiently heard than Cavour, the champion of Italian liberty and unity. Cavour's theory of right political method—"that method which, he was destined to prove, may, in the hands of a master, be far more effective than revolution"—was "the method of highest opportunism . . . the opportunism of a statesman whose acts all tend to the desired goal, although like the wise pilot he

may lay his course to port or starboard, to catch a favoring wind or to ride out a gale. Opportunism has come to mean drifting, without chart or compass; Cavour meant by it that, having dedicated his life to certain principles, he would seize every means, use every tool, gain now an inch and now an ell, in endeavoring to make these principles prevail.”¹ The National Society advocated revolution and chafed at delays. “Cavour had always to be prepared for the danger that they might grow uncontrollably impatient; men who have once had the revolutionary fever, do not easily settle down to accept the slower methods of legality.” Italy’s circumstances were much more exasperating than those of the Philippines. Italy had active foes to independence and national liberty in the Papacy and a bitter opponent of unity in Austria. The Philippines have a friend and promoter of unity and liberty in America. Hence the policy of a Cavour would be much more to the point here than there. “I announce to you,” he said, “that I am an honest middle man (*juste milieu*), desiring, wishing, working with all his might for social progress, but resolved not to purchase this at the cost of a general overturn, political and social. My Golden Mean position does not prevent me, however, from desiring at the soonest possible moment Italy’s emanci-

¹ Thayer’s *Life and Times of Cavour*, vol. i, p. 31.

pation from the barbarians who oppress her; consequently, I foresee that a crisis, however slight its violence, is inevitable; but I would bring this crisis to pass with all the caution which the state of affairs demands, and I am besides ultrapersuaded that the efforts of the madmen of the movement only retard it and make it more ticklish.”¹

Now this is history, not theory. The Filipinos have their Garibaldi or martial leader, they have their Mazzini or doctrinaire agitator, but where is their Cavour or “honest middle man”? In his absence let them be guided by his principles. A nascent state moving up slowly toward independence, with no true aspiration for liberty slighted by the superintending country, will give to the individual his unalienable rights as defined by the American Constitution to a degree impossible to be given by a republic prematurely born. Such republics have come to the birth, but have been so far from being a light to the nations as to become a thorn in their side, and have never risen high enough to be anything but a nuisance to themselves.

But enough of grim thoughts. Let us away from exploring the depressing realm of indiscretion and failure to seek those uplands of final achievement into which we are conducted on the wings of hope and

¹ *Life and Times of Cavour*, vol. i, p. 30.

expectation. Nations are Divine. God presides over them and delivers them from their tangles. The growing national life of the venerable Chinese race, seeking the support of wise foreign advisers, or of the youthful, ardent Filipino people, struggling for the first time toward autonomy and chafing under kindly foreign guidance, is as valuable in the eyes of the God of the Nations as the long established government of the Western world. With all the unrest of the day which threatens the established order, there is in the air a degree of enthusiasm and expectancy that promises a grand to-morrow. Nations will wax and wane according to those inexorable laws which have indelibly written their warnings and counsels in the experience of history. National considerateness, national self-restraint and virility, and national righteousness lead to a glorious national destiny. National selfishness, national luxury and self-indulgence, and national wickedness lead to national disintegration.

We thank God this day that those who laid the foundations of our nation and those who reared her stately walls had no soft conception of liberty and held no loose theory of unity. To them we owe it that we have entered a goodly heritage and received a precious trust. Our nation, once little and struggling and alone with nothing but an ideal to support her, is now set as a

beacon on a hill, as an ensign to the world. She must shed her light, as in their turn did Israel, and Greece, and Rome, on peoples afar. It is her definite task to bring national salvation to these Islands of the Sea.

Two terrific typhoons have just devastated Cebu, Panay, and Leyte, and at this moment of our rejoicing the poor stricken Visayas are making pathetic appeal, stretching toward us twice maimed hands from the flood and wreck of the tempest.

Let us make our offerings for their relief, in motive and generosity, a pledge to the entire Filipino people that we are minded to administer our National Trust until the day in which we proudly and confidently commit to the Filipino Nation a stable government of the people, by the people, for the people.

XXI

NATIONALITY ¹

Our Commonwealth is in heaven. Phil. iii, 20; I am Roman born. Acts xxii, 28.

IT is the urgency of the current crisis, not the whim of the preacher, which constrains us to the consideration, with earnestness and candor, of the subject of nationality. We would be culpably missing the call of the times were we to fail to view, in its bearing upon our own nation and citizenship, this most stupendous international struggle that the world has ever known. I am convinced that there are few men who are despicable enough to treat the nation as a cluster of grapes to be squeezed into their own cup. Most of us view it as a parent to whom we owe a life service, and we are keen to learn how best we may fulfil our responsibility.

I have plucked from history one of its most influential figures, that, with his own living voice, he may tell you the meaning to him of nationality. I mean the man,

¹ Preached at the Cathedral of S. Mary and S. John, Manila, on October 25, 1914.

Paul, who to many of us is not the close companion that he should be because he is set down as a pious dreamer and religious fanatic. If he was an Apostle, he was none the less scholar, handicraftsman, organizer, patriot. The two pregnant sentences I have quoted were spoken, one, when he was in Rome, a prisoner awaiting trial; the other, earlier when he was threatened by his captors with indignity and injustice prior to his appeal to Cæsar.

“Commonwealth” is a word held in honor by those of us who hail from Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Virginia, or Kentucky. It has noble historicity, proclaiming at once the health of the State and the common responsibility of all citizens to contribute to it. At the time S. Paul lived the word “*politeuma*”—“commonwealth” or “citizenship”—had deep meaning. The *pax Romana* was the guarantee of and opportunity for citizenship. Roman citizenship was the most coveted dignity of the Western world. This S. Paul had, but he also was a citizen in the Commonwealth of heaven.

S. Paul loved his own town and refers to himself as “a citizen of no mean city.” We, in this far-off country, can understand with what fondness he mentioned the town of his birth. It is with no forced emotion that we think of the city or the countryside where we first saw the light, and where we rejoiced in the careless exuber-

ance of youth. But he also valued at high worth his position in the Empire. When his enemies threatened him with outrage, he proclaimed his citizenship. "Tell me," said the officer who had him in charge, "art thou a Roman?" "Yes," he replied. "With great sum obtained I this citizenship," exclaimed the officer. "But I am a Roman born," said S. Paul with patriotic pride. Then when injustice still pursued him he claimed his right of appeal to Cæsar.

Thus we see him in his twofold citizenship. He did not consider that his loyalty to the heavenly commonwealth cancelled or impaired his nationality. It heightened it and gave it new importance.

Nationality, next to personality, is our precious birthright, or else in some cases a crowning treasure acquired by choice. It may be that some of us who have won our nationality at great cost value it even more than many who accept it as a birthright. However that may be, nationality is something a man demands for himself and from which he cannot separate himself except by a violence which leaves him hardly human. I have just laid down from a fresh reading Edward Everett Hale's *Man Without a Country*. No single piece of literature more beautifully pictures the wonder of nationality and its imperishableness.

Listen to a British statesman and publicist:

“Say what we will of the unity of history and the identity in elements of human nature, the general body of two political cases” —Lord Morley is arguing against parallelism—“is never exactly the same. Nations are not the same, their ideals are wide apart, their standing aims and preoccupations are different.”

Or again, let a German statesman go on record:

“Every nation is convinced of the higher value, and consequently of the better right, of its own civilization, and is inspired by a strong desire, which is like an unconscious natural force, to attain more and more authority for its own civilization. Not every nation is conscious of this force. . . . Such a steady consciousness of national civilization exists to-day among the English people. . . . The English belief in the superiority of their own intellectual, moral, religious, legal and economic life is the vital force in English national policy.”

This vital force it was, first as an unconscious, later as a conscious, influence, that brought America to the Philippines. It was to the benefit of the race that we brought the direct pressure of our superior civilization to bear upon the decadent nationality prevalent prior to the American occupation and not wholly extinct yet. The moment we cease to believe this we have no more place here.

“To deride patriotism marks impoverished blood, but to extol it as an ideal or an impulse above truth and justice, at the cost of the general interests of humanity, is far worse.” The violent language of Frederic Harrison, on the one side, and of Professor Eucken, usually so poised a mind, on the other, is self-damaging and disappointing. Nationality stands for disciplined patriotism. A patriot is one whose nationality is a constant and vivid factor in his thought and activity. A traitor is one who uses nationality dishonorably, betraying the common weal to his own advantage and the benefit of its enemies, internal or external. Dante puts the traitor in the lowest circle of the Inferno.

A patriotic song or a patriotic deed has of all songs and deeds the best chance to become immortal. So the unknown German singer of the twelfth century still sings:

*Woe betide me,
If I could ever constrain my heart
To be pleased with foreign ways;
German virtue is superior in all respects.*

Hubert de Burgh enshrined in literature by Shakespeare, when Henry III degraded him (1232), found that “there was not a blacksmith in the whole land who would forge manacles for him; when threatened with torture the journeyman answered defiantly, ‘Rather

will I die any death than ever put irons on the man who defended England from the alien!’ The wandering bard knew that there was a German people and the blacksmith that there was an English one, when this fact had little more than begun to dawn upon many of the leading lights of politics.”

What is the dominant spirit which is moving the people of Europe to-day as they wave the sabre or train the gun? Is it hatred of their fellows? I hope not. I think not. Whatever the direct cause of the struggle, it is the love of country that now obscures all else. As a British correspondent writes: “Many who were foes last week are good comrades now—how terrible it would be if death were the end!” Thank God, their Commonwealth is in heaven.

Nationality finds expression in four chief ways: (1) Religiously, in terms of the ideal; (2) intellectually, in terms of education; (3) economically, in terms of industry; (4) politically, in terms of Government.

1. *Religiously*. “Our Commonwealth is in heaven.” Religion reveals and sustains the idealism which is the foundation of the experience of history, and of national character. It establishes our relationships which must ultimately be heaven-high and earth-wide. Goethe maintains that “vitally mobile individuality becomes aware of itself as ‘inwardly limitless, outwardly limited.’”

We can have no stable earthly commonwealth unless we first have a heavenly commonwealth. In other words life is built on principles, facts upon ideals.

Let us never forget that it was religion, not adventure or chance, that laid the corner-stone of the American nation. Quaker and Puritan crossed the vast waters that they might worship God and practice righteousness according to that liberty of soul which is the earnest of our heavenly citizenship. If a country denies or belies its religious foundations it dooms itself for ever and a day. In the Jewish race read the fate of every nation that has opportunity to accept Christ and rejects him. It spells denationalization.

The religion of Christ should be the most potent unifying, peace-making force in the world, binding the nations into one great family with a silken cord. But its distortion and dismemberment have led men to believe that their commonwealth is in Episcopalianism, Presbyterianism, Roman Catholicism, or some other "ism" rather than in heaven! However, things are mending. We have got at least this far. A conference of the Churches of Christendom is in preparation to consider questions of Faith and Order with a view to unity. We have advanced with a rapidity in four years that is miraculous. Some forty-eight Commissions have been appointed from as many distinct communions.

“Before the outbreak of the European war, notice had been received of the appointment of forty-eight Commissions in the United States, Canada, South America, England, Scotland, Ireland, Europe, Australia, South Africa, India, and China to co-operate in the preparations for and holding of the World Conference on the Faith and Order of the Christian Church. Other Commissions were in process of appointment, so that it can be said that the proposal has the approval of the Anglican Communion throughout the world, of the leading Protestant Communions in all English-speaking countries, of the Old Catholic Churches of Europe, and the warm sympathy of dignitaries of the Holy Orthodox Eastern Church and of many leading Roman Catholics in different parts of the world.

“Until the Secretary began correspondence last May to make arrangements for the Deputation, no effort had been made to present the matter generally in Europe, but that correspondence showed that the proposal of the Conference had become widely known. Not only were leading individuals in every country looking with interest for an opportunity to co-operate, but many religious papers had published sympathetic accounts, not only in countries like Germany which might be expected to be in touch with American religious thought, but in others more remote like Finland

and Hungary. Almost everyone in Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe who knew of the proposal recognized it as the most important question before the Christian world, for, until the obstacles to Christian Unity are removed by that thorough appreciation of each other by the Christian Communions of the world and the consequent destruction of the prejudices and misunderstandings which are so largely the cause of the continuance of their divisions, their separate and often hostile efforts to preach to the world Christ and His law of love and righteousness and peace will continue to be only feebly effective.

“One of the first and greatest lessons of this dreadful war which is convulsing half the world is that only by unity in the one Lord Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace, can Christians help to make the Kingdoms of the world the Kingdoms of the Lord and of His Christ, and surely the terrible destruction which the war will cause, whatever else may be its issue, will make Christians see more clearly the need of a reunited Christianity.”

The Church in this city goes limping because the laity as a whole do not recognize that the clergy are no more the Church than your head is your body. Many laymen are sitting outside on the seat of the scorners. They refuse to claim their place in the Commonwealth of heaven.

2. *Intellectually.* We are still in the realm of idealism, which makes for larger unities. The nation reaches a corporate mind through education. But in this connection, do not make the foolish mistake of confusing information with knowledge, or learning with education. Though science, dealing as it does with the universal, makes for cosmopolitanism rather than nationality, it can progress only through national experiences and national institutions. It is a truism to say there can be no internationalism without nationalism. Internationalism is the only true universalism, outwardly considered.

It is an integral part of democracy to make education nationwide. An intelligent commonalty is an indispensable requisite to a stable nation. It is for this reason that with kindly and frank insistence many of us hope for a protracted and intimate relationship between the United States and the Philippines. No strong nation has ever been created by the greatness of its great men, but by the greatness of its common people. As John Bright said, "The nation is in the cottage." The Philippines can perhaps learn the full value of the direct pressure of America's nationality upon them by its complete removal.

3. *Economically.* Economic robustness is the only foundation for the temporalities of the State. A nation

must by means of science and industry know how to produce and how to distribute. We have learned the former but not the latter. We are skilled in creating and concentrating wealth: we are clumsy in distributing it. Owing to this defect there is civil war in Colorado. The miners have accepted the President's wise proposition for a three years' truce. May the operators soon cease their objections and fall into line.

Again our country is distressed because the ethics of distribution seem so hopelessly befogged. Pick up a paper and you will find citizens asking such searching questions as the following:

"1. How far is a man bound to take the Sermon on the Mount as a guide to industrial relations? How far is it feasible to so take it, and at what points is he likely to be checkmated? Is he bound to literal obedience? If not, why?

"2. Has the Christian any responsibility for the conditions under which the articles he buys are made? If so, how can he best fulfil it?

"3. How far is he responsible for the moral integrity of the conditions of labor in the interests in which his money is invested? Is ignorance an adequate excuse for evading such responsibility?"

These are pertinent questions which loyalty to the nation requires the citizen to answer with reference to

his obligations to his earthly as well as his heavenly commonwealth.

Economic robustness still puts agriculture first and industry second. Let the Philippines learn the lesson well. The fertility of women seems to be singularly bound up with rural and to suffer from industrial life. In thirty years, owing to industrialization, births in Germany decreased forty-three for every one thousand women.

4. *Politically.* Political life comes last, because it should be the direct product of the other three phases of nationality. The political is subordinate to religion, education, and industry. The least thing of the many good things which America has given the Philippines has been "politics." Politics as an end in itself, as a trade, is a force prejudicial rather than favorable to nationality. As a natural result and expression of religion, thought, and industry, it spells good government. America has overemphasized politics as though something apart, a superior sphere, just as the old school of political economy viewed their science. Politics alone can never save a country or produce nationality, though it is capable of the opposite of salvation. Political expediency is more often than not a mellifluous phrase covering up the injustice of party spleen, and the unrighteous tricks of party selfishness.

Because of non-Christian politics, politics superimposed upon instead of being created by the nation, the world's heart to-day is being wrung with unparalleled anguish. Each hour makes new widows and orphans and the sound of weeping sweeps from East to West and echoes from Pole to Pole. Many homes in many countries, "in which there now exists the fond hope the distant one may return—many such homes may be rendered desolate when the next mail arrives. The angel of death is abroad; you may almost hear the beating of his wings. There is no one, as when the first-born was slain of old, to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the two side posts of our doors, that he may spare and pass on; he takes his victims from the castle of the noble, the mansions of the wealthy, the cottages of the poor and lowly,"—how wonderfully Bright's words on the Crimean war fit the moment!

The cause—shall we seek the cause? Politics apart from the true life of the people and the breakdown—oft repeated before—of what is called diplomacy.

Our one hope is that the world is still brave and young and free, that the highest experiments of national life are yet to be made, that our Commonwealth is in heaven, and God reigns. And remember *you* are the nation.

XXII

AMERICAN DEMOCRACY IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS¹

IN discussing this subject I claim no superior knowledge. But perhaps the reconsideration of familiar truths may be of service to us.

First, let it be understood that in talking of democracy we are talking of a principle rather than a form of government. Democracy utters itself in various forms of government according to the genius of the people embracing the principle. Thus we have the democracy of England or Canada or Australia rising into one kind of government, and that of the United States of America into another. Yet the democracy of the one is quite as pure as that of the other.

Consequently our aim in the Philippine Islands is not to superimpose upon the Filipinos American institutions or American methods of government, but to implant a principle which will ultimately express itself

¹ An address delivered at the Zamboanga Theatre, Monday evening, August 19th, 1912.

in terms best suited to the temperament and gifts of the Filipinos. If our work is well done and if the Filipinos are true to the principle of democracy, at some distant date they will make their own contribution to the world's experiments in government and popular institutions.

Definition is difficult. In considering democracy one naturally turns to Lincoln's immortal words at Gettysburg. But great as they are we must go further still to arrive at the controlling idea of democracy, which is found, the direct product of Christianity, in that principle which demands that man should do as he would be done by. Self-respect and the respect of one's neighbor on equal terms lies behind all democratic institutions.

According to my way of thinking there is no such thing as race prejudice. It is just common every day prejudice dressed up in fancy clothing. The prejudices which men of differing races feel against one another may have their origin in that which has little or nothing to do with differences in blood. The explanation is that there is judgment without sufficient knowledge, or prejudgment before there has been opportunity to become acquainted with fact. All prejudice, including race prejudice, goes deeper than the color of skin or peculiarities of blood. It is the injustice due to the

limitations and ignorances, the selfishness and narrowness of the person judging.

If this is true the democratic principle comes into play in a formed purpose and deliberate and sustained effort to understand and sympathize. It is obvious that there must be serious endeavor, especially where temperaments are as different as among Americans and Filipinos. The Filipino is pious; the American is not. The Filipino is courteous; the American is brusque. The Filipino is deliberate; the American is headlong. The Filipino is reserved; the American is communicative. On the one side and the other there must be that interested, sympathetic reaching out that will pass by differing characteristics to find and to know the real man who thinks and acts. A diplomat, standing high in the British service, upon leaving Egypt wrote a book, *Through Others' Eyes*, in which he expressed himself as of the conviction that his personal failures in administration and those of his fellows were due to lack of sympathy and effort to understand.

In saying what I am about to say I speak as a practical man rather than as one who desires merely to promote piety: There is no surer way of knowing men than by praying for them. General Gordon maintained that he found it made a difference when he prayed for the men, wild fanatics of Egypt, he was about to meet.

Let the army officer and the constabulary officer do likewise and they will have like results—a sympathetic mind and a power to understand and so to deal in a kindly way with the fractious and difficult.

The democratic principle avoids force except as a last resort. “Who overcomes by force hath overcome but half his foe.” Even where law permits force the true democrat avoids using it if he can discover a means of escape. I rejoice to see evidences of moral suasion and kindly guidance steadily taking the place of the strong arm and compelling weapon.

Not many decades since, Lord Palmerston in trying to form a cabinet had difficulty in getting a Secretary of State for the Colonies. He solved the problem by taking them over himself, saying to an under-secretary: “Come up-stairs and show me on the map where these——places are.” In those days England was just beginning to realize that colonies were not opportunities for exploitation, but for service. Soon came Lord Cromer’s noble record, which brought blessing to England it is true, but the blessing of unselfish service. He thought first of Egypt’s need and brought her from bankruptcy to affluence. He gathered together the scattered fragments of her nationality and gave her hope of being reinstated among the nations of the world.

Then followed the slow readjustment of England’s

whole colonial policy which will probably end in Imperial Federation by which the colonies will have voice and vote in all that pertains to Empire. It was at a period when England's colonial policy was becoming markedly unselfish and fair that America found herself with dependencies. She didn't want them. Some countries, like Germany, need them for an outlet for surplus population. America has no such need. It is curious that our earliest dependency should be as far away from home as the size of the earth permits. From the first the nation as a whole has had a single desire for the Filipinos, and that is to share its privileges with them and put them in the way of self-government. To-day they have a measure of self-government which is not paralleled in history by any dependency save the Anglo-Saxon overseas dominions of Great Britain. I wish that by a larger measure of appreciation the Filipinos would try to get the most rather than the least out of their relation with America. As a Christian people their natural affiliations are with the West rather than with China and Japan. Moreover they have a capacity for democratic development, partly by virtue of their long tutelage under Christian Spain.

In quoting lopsided epigrams like "The Philippines for the Filipinos" (which is as misleading as would be "America for the Americans") we must not suppose

that America first discovered the principle of a strong nation serving a weak dependency. England after long, painful effort arrived at it and we have carried it a degree further. The experimental suggestion came from the British Empire and the logic of American democracy utilized it in its own way.

Those who hold office under our government for the specific purpose of carrying out the mind of the American people in the Philippines have both an inspiring and a delicate task. Democracy makes duty splendid and it is refreshing to think of the many Americans who live strong, clean, loyal lives with little or nothing to support them save this sense of responsibility. Do not count me a harsh critic if I express regret that too many Americans who hold office under the government risk their disinterestedness, which means the success of their undertaking, by becoming involved in money-making schemes and speculative enterprise. Their vocation is too valuable a possession to be risked for the sake of gain. Patience, infinite patience, and self-sacrifice are the necessary attendants of the success of such a task as is ours. The reward is of a higher and more enduring kind than that which comes from business ventures. The history of the East India Company shows that there cannot be a combination of government and trade without danger of disaster and corrup-

tion. I believe this applies to the representative of government not less than to government itself.

A decade and more of American democracy in the Philippines has gone. Its years are strewn with the graves of those who have given their lives for the cause. Neither they nor we regret the sacrifice. Though, were we to withdraw now, the torch of democracy might be extinguished, I believe the day will come after we of to-day have finished our duty on earth, when America can relinquish it into Filipino hands with confidence that its flame will be fed and its light spread abroad. This consummation depends at least in part on whether we are true to our ideal, for after all American democracy is an ideal rather than a finished product.

Lord Cromer maintained that his first and fundamental duty was to conform his own life and that of his family to the highest moral and social standards. There can be no substitute for this. We must do our work with industrious, loyal, clean hands, not daunted but stimulated by difficulty, each one aiming to be,

*"One who never turns his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break, never dreamed though right were
worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake."*

XXIII

FLAG DAY ADDRESS¹

A NATIONAL Flag is not an ornament, but a symbol ranking next to the Cross and the Sacraments that flow from the Cross. Therefore we reverence our Flag.

It is a symbol of the past and of the future, of achievement and of responsibility, of history and inspiration. If it is rich with glory, it is also crammed with risks—the boast of yesterday, the hope of to-morrow.

A symbol of the past, it gathers into its folds the story of the centuries, including the heritage of the days that preceded our national history and made the stock from which we sprung. So the Flag of to-day is ever richer than the Flag of yesterday. The symbol is the same; but its contents are increasingly greater.

Every true citizen makes the imperishable contribution of his life to the Flag. Were it not for this tide of honor which perpetually spills its purifying flood upon

¹ Preached at National Cathedral School for Girls, Washington, D. C., June 2, 1913.

the Flag, it would bear the stain of those citizens whose contribution is not one of honor.

This special Flag carries in its folds the history of the school year—the white of girlhood’s purity, the red of girlhood’s enthusiasm, the blue of girlhood’s loyalty. It is the richest Flag that any girl of the School has ever received, not only because it contains the total experience of the school life, but also because this last year is notably rich in the spirit of voluntary adventure and the ready acceptance of the risk involved. Thus in the folds of our Flag is something inestimably fine, gaining for your School what every other School may well covet. The Principal who has guided its destinies through seven years, together with four associates, three of them her own teachers, is faring forth on an adventure in the name of God. She has laid down a privilege to embrace a risk, whatever the result may be, in the spirit of Captain Scott who accepted his risk, and at the painful end said, “We regret nothing.” Long after the highest achievements of your ablest principals and teachers here grow dim, there will shine out of the School’s annals this undying glory.¹

The latest philosophy claims that the greatest successes are contingent on the greatest risks. It is

¹ Mrs. Barbour Walker and three of her staff resigned to volunteer for service in the Philippines.

great to respond to a personal call; it is greater to make a voluntary offer in response to the dumb appeal of a great need.

It is a principle of physics that each thing *is* wherever it acts. In that every atom acts on every other atom everywhere, an atom fills the world. What is true of an atom is a thousand times more true of a personality. The presence of your Principal in being withdrawn becomes thereby intensified.

None knows better than the soldier that the Flag is his charge as well as his protection. I have known our soldiers well, rank and file, and they are Men. It is most fitting that the Flag to-day goes to a soldier's daughter. She who receives it will guard the Flag and let the Flag guard her, rejoicing in its risks under the shadow of its shelter.

There are two kinds of peril—that which you cannot avoid, which belongs to the life of the children of men, and that which you can avoid, which belongs to the life of the children of God. Aim to be Christian and you will be caught in the arms of the superior peril and its twin opportunity, which will ever keep swinging your life up to higher and higher levels. There is heroism both in doing and in not doing, now in the one, now in the other, as the need of the moment demands. To-day do not fall short of that courage which refrains from

doing certain things which stain society. The Flag is a challenge to both kinds of courage.

There is a glory by inheritance and a glory by achievement. The Flag admits you into the glory of your country's past that you may add to the glory of your country's future.

*"Nobly, nobly Cape S. Vincent to the northwest died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;
In the dimmest northeast distance dawned Gibraltar grand and gray;
Here and here did England help me; how can I help England, say!
Whoso turns as I this evening, turns to God to praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder silent over Africa."*

Here and here has America helped me, how can I help America, say !

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